THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

MAY, 1802.

MEMOIRS

OF

THE LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.

BRITONS, whose manly hearts with freedom glow,
Bend o'er HIS urn—here let your sorrows flow!
Let virtuous sighs each kindred bosom swell,
For here great RUSSEL's mortal relics dwell:
On his lov'd dust let holy drops descend,
And ne'er forget he was his country's friend,
Merit's sure patron, the oppressor's dread—
Untimely fallen, and number'd with the dead!
Long o'er his tomb shall grateful cypress wave,
And England's blessing mark the patriot's grave!

Epitaph on the Duke of Bedford.....Anon.

IT is with no small degree of pleasure that we have it in our power to present our readers with a portrait of his Grace the LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD, whose decease has been the source of real sorrow to our country. We shall endeavour to collect a few particulars relative to his history. Some account has been

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already given of his death and interment, and also Mr. Fox's celebrated speech in the House of Commons. We are, however, ambitious of giving a more connected detail of his biography.

Francis, Duke of Bedford, was born in the year 1765, and came to the title and ample possessions of his ancestors in the year 1771, being only six years of his age. He lost his father in 1767, by a fall from his horse: the death of his grandfather, therefore, raised him to this distinguished situation in society.

Thus circumstanced, Mr. Fox might well exclaim—"He saw nothing in the world but what was fair and inviting. Under these circumstances would it have been surprising if his heart had been hardened, if his views had been contracted, if he had wanted the common sympathies with distress, if he had thought of little else than unusual gratifications? But he remained untainted—he became a man such as the most favorable situations have seldom formed: amidst prosperity he learned all the virtues of adversity."

Being left to the care of his grandmother (for his mother died the year after he had lost his father), who indulged him in every thing, he was sent at a proper age to Westminster school. From this public seminary he was soon taken away, for a reason with which we are not fully acquainted. Under a private tutor he secured a considerable degree of improvement. At the university he soon became distinguished for his application. Endowed indeed with a large

portion of good sense, he must have perceived that study was the soul of intellectual advancement; as the ancient philosopher once assured his royal pupil—"There is no *royal* way to astronomy."

His GRACE, in making the tour of Europe, experienced, no doubt, the advantage arising from the inspection of foreign customs and manners—his discerning mind would form a due estimate of what he saw, and thus improve his own conduct—eventually benefitting his country.

Upon his return home, his GRACE soon after began to act a distinguished part on the theatre of life. It is well known that as a public character he espoused the cause of Charles James Fox, and was a warm friend of constitutional liberty; they who knew his GRACE well, say, that he was long before he made up his mind, but, upon conviction, he was *firm*—nothing could seduce him from the path of duty. This was a trait highly commendable. In whatever department of society we move, *firmness* is necessary to solidity of character. In politics or religion, or indeed in the more common intercourses of private life, we must have some determinate views, and act upon them with regularity. This is the MAN we most admire, and this is the MAN who most effectually serves the community.

The political character of the LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD merits high praise, because he cannot be suspected of interested motives—he had nothing to gain by revolution. Conviction

alone, therefore, must have guided and governed his conduct; a persuasion that the opposition was in itself just and serviceable to his countrymen induced him to rank himself on that side of the question. At the same time, when invasion threatened our shores, he was among the first to declare his intention of coming forward in behalf of his country. This was a conduct worthy of our admiration. Such are genuine patriots, and they will be objects of our real estimation. No suspicion can be here indulged—we have every reason to believe that such characters are distinguished blessings to mankind.

But it was the delight which his GRACE took in *agriculture* that has rendered him so great a friend to his country. Instead of expending his immense fortune in idle gaiety or wicked dissipation, he attended to his farm, and thence derived the purest satisfaction. He held in his possession about *three thousand acres*, exclusively of his extensive park! The park is nearly twenty miles in circumference, supporting a great stock of sheep and young cattle, beside a large herd of fine deer. "Within the park is situated the *new farm yard*, in which is found every convenience of modern improvement, particularly a threshing machine, worked by horses or oxen, capable of threshing and dressing seven quarters every hour, and of grinding and dressing the flour at the same time! Adjoining to this machinery is a malt-house, and on the outside of the several yards are stables, barns, and sheds, with shops for

carpenters, joiners, smiths, wheelwrights, &c. In the yard there are two good dwelling houses for the bailiffs. The implements are of the best construction, and consist of ploughs, harrows, rollers, chaff-cutting machines, and other implements of husbandry."

Of the *annual* meeting at *Woburn Abbey*, carried on under his immediate direction, we have spoken in former numbers of our miscellany—it was an institution which will endear his GRACE's name to latest posterity. The meeting of 1801 proving to be the *last* of his valuable life, we shall insert an abstract of its proceedings—it cannot but prove interesting to every lover of his country.

WOBURN SHEEP-SHEARING, 1801.

No person who entertains an adequate idea of the national importance of agricultural improvements, can have any doubt of the beneficial effects flowing from the annual meeting at Woburn, established by his Grace the DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Whatever some persons may be inclined to think of exhibitions of cattle fattened to a very extraordinary degree, and tending to push that part of the grazier's business to the extreme, none can question the propriety of comparing different races of cattle and sheep in various particulars, exclusive of excessive fatness;—none can doubt the utility of premiums for promoting a more correct tillage, for bringing into use new and improved implements of husban-

dry; none can hesitate in admitting the importance of that extensive communication of ideas and emulation of excelling which necessarily flow from bringing the farmers of the remotest parts of the kingdom into contact with each other, to examine practices to many unknown, and to listen to sentiments equally novel and interesting.

The drillers of Norfolk describe their system to the adherents of broadcasting from Cornwall and Kerry; the enemies of paring and burning are enlightened by the practice of Kent and Cambridge, and every effort in tillage may be expected when the bets are in decision that shall decide the merit of the most important of all machines.

The sheep-shearing this year was more numerously attended than on any former occasion, but the company was not so select and so strictly agricultural as formerly. In the whole there were 921 visitors present.

The DUKE OF BEDFORD announced the following premiums for the year ensuing:

Premiums for encouraging the Introduction of the Leicester and South-Down Breed of Sheep into Bedfordshire.

1. To the person in Bedfordshire who shall, between June and Christmas, 1801, expend the largest sum of money (not less than 60 guineas) in the purchase of breeding ewes or theaves of the new Leicester or South-Down breed, and put them to a tup of the same sort, in the years 1801 and 1802—a premium of fifty guineas.

2. All other claimants of the preceding premium who appear to have expended a sum not less than sixty guineas, shall have the use of a ram, in the year 1802, of the same breed as the ewes purchased, gratis.

Premiums for fat Wethers.

1. To the person who shall breed and produce at Woburn sheep-shearing, June, 1802, the best two-shear fat wether—the premium of a cup, value ten guineas.

2. To the person who shall breed in Bedfordshire and produce at Woburn sheep-shearing, 1802, the best two-shear fat wether—five guineas. The same person not to have both premiums. The name of the breeder, together with the place where bred, to be duly certified and given in at the time of shearing.

Premiums for Theaves bred in Bedfordshire

1. To the person who shall breed in Bedfordshire, and produce at Woburn sheep-shearing, 1802, the best theave—a cup, value ten guineas.

2. To the person who shall breed in Bedfordshire, and produce at Woburn sheep-shearing, 1802, the second-best theave—a cup, value five guineas. The same person not to have both premiums.

Sundry Premiums.

1. To the person who shall produce at Woburn sheep-shearing, 1802, the best boar—five guineas.

2. To the best sheep-shearer—five guineas; second best—four guineas; third best—three guineas; fourth best—two guineas; fifth best—one guinea.

Premiums for encouraging Improvements in Implements of Agriculture.

1. To the person who shall produce at Woburn sheep-shearing, 1802, the best and most useful newly-invented implement—the sum of twenty guineas.

2. To the person who shall produce the plough which shall with the least force turn the deepest and cleanest furrow—a cup value ten guineas.

For 1803.

To the farmer in Bedfordshire who shall produce the most satisfactory account of comparative trials between the drill and broadcast culture of wheat, barley, or oats, on not less than ten acres, being in the same field—thirty guineas.

The Prize-cups, and Speech of the Duke of Bedford after Dinner.

The prize-cups being placed before his GRACE, he arose, according to the annual custom, and announced to the company the several decisions of the judges.

The DUKE then remarked, that as the exertions in claim of the premiums for laying out money in the purchase of stock had been considerable, and many of the breeds were spread thro' the county, he had for the year ensuing proposed

but one premium; and he should in future, probably, drop this class of premiums altogether. As the new Leicester and South-Down sheep were now in the farmers' hands, they must speak for themselves; he had no prejudices for any breed, and only wished that such trials should be made as might bring conviction which was really to be preferred. To attempt by premiums to force any thing farther than this was not his object.

The farmers will now decide for themselves by experiment, and not by opinion. The laudable example of Mr. Smith, of Hertfordshire, proves that prejudices are giving way—nor can the Bedfordshire farmers do better than imitate such comparative trials.

Relative to the decision on the fat wethers, his GRACE observed, that the judges had suggested the propriety of rejecting corn-fed sheep; but he conceived that the decision would effect it, and deter any one from that practice. He was happy, however, to find that both in the case of wethers and theaves the sheep shown were highly approved; and if the Bedfordshire farmers had heard all that had been said on that occasion, it would have stimulated them to become rivals to almost any county. A happy change! for it is well known that they once did not stand very high; but with such exertions as are now making, he trusted the reputation of the county would be established.

In explaining his motive for adding the premiums to the *best shearers*, his GRACE remark-

ed, that it was an object of considerable consequence. There were some good ones in Bedfordshire, but not many, and by multiplying them much wool would be saved. Some gentlemen might think it a small object—but this was not the case; for, on the mass of all clipping, a few ounces per head would amount to a quantity that rendered it a national object. If any gentlemen of the county had very good shearers, it was to be hoped they would bring them.

The DUKE then took notice of the discussion which had taken place upon *ploughs*, and said, that as it was an object which excited attention, he was glad he had added a premium for it. Competition is the only means to ascertain which is the best; and should it be found that Bedfordshire is disgraced by its own plough, the sooner it is got rid of the better.

On the premium for the comparison of the drill and broadcast husbandry, he observed, that opinions were extremely at variance. Possibly these methods might not yet have been tried with sufficient accuracy. That from what he had seen he was much inclined to prefer the drill, when well managed; but if there be not a determination to extirpate all weeds and keep the drills absolutely clean, it is better not to attempt that culture. The land should certainly be clean before any trial begins—then only annual weeds will be found, and the hoeings effective in destroying them.

His GRACE then generally congratulated the county on the progress made, and expressed

his hope that it would year after year advance, and that the Bedfordshire farmers would derive an increasing credit from their laudable exertions.

From this statement it is evident that this illustrious nobleman had at heart the public welfare, and was devoted to the interests of agricultural improvements. Be this example imitated by the higher classes of society! Then vice and dissipation would be banished in a great measure from amongst us—human nature would resume its dignity—and we shall have advanced many steps towards the acquisition of pure and permanent felicity.

What is STATION high?
'Tis a proud mendicant---it boasts and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charities.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to *superior worth*,
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there;
Fools indeed drop the *man* in their account,
And vote the mantle into majesty.
Let the small savage boast his silver fur,
His royal robes unborrow'd and unbought,
His own—descending fairly from his sires.
Shall MAN be proud to wear his livery,
And souls in ermine scorn a soul without?
Can place or lessen us, or aggrandise?
Pigmies are pigmies still, tho' perch'd on Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids, in vales.
EACH MAN makes his *own stature*, builds himself:
VIRTUE alone out-builds the pyramids,
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall!

YOUNG.

That such a character should be removed from among us at so early a period, and in so sudden a manner, only shews the precarious tenure on which we hold every earthly possession! Inscrutable are the dispensations of the Almighty! *Clouds and darkness are round about him, but justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne!* We may, however, rest assured that many valuable lessons may be learnt from this melancholy instance of mortality. Let no individual place his happiness in titles and external dignity. Worth makes the man—the acquisitions of the intellect and the virtues of the heart are the only test of real excellence. At the same time, let us improve diligently the privileges assigned us. Their continuance with us is short, even when extended to the usual term of mortality—but, alas! the death of this illustrious nobleman reminds us that accident or disease may in the course of a *few days* snatch us from amidst our boasted enjoyments, and introduce us to the awful realities of eternity!—He, however, lived *long enough* to shew us that Providence meant him to be at once an ornament and a blessing to the world!

Islington. J. E.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 62.

RURAL TALES, BALLADS, AND SONGS.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

AGREEABLE to our promise, we proceed to the examination of the *second* volume of Mr. BLOOMFIELD'S POEMS. It has been for some time laid before the public, and seems to have been perused with avidity. Inferior by no means in merit to the former production, we wish it an equal extent of circulation. The patronage of this extraordinary young man does great credit to our countrymen.

In the present paper we shall confine our attention to the two pieces which stand first in the volume—*Ode to Peace,* and *Richard and Kate;* both contain passages deserving our notice, and entitled to our approbation.

The opening of this *Ode* to PEACE is peculiarly animated and impressive——

Halt, ye legions! sheathe your steel,
Blood grows precious—shed no more;
Cease your toils, your wounds to heal,
Lo, beams of mercy reach the shore!
From realms of everlasting light
The favor'd guest of heav'n is come,
Prostrate your banners at the sight,
And bear the glorious tidings home!

The change introduced by *peace* is thus finely depicted——

The plunging corpse with half-clos'd eyes
No more shall stain the unconscious brine;
Yon pendant gay, that streaming flies,
Around its idle staff shall twine!
Behold! along th' ethereal sky
Her beams o'er conquering navies spread;
Peace! Peace! the leaping sailors cry
With shouts that might arouse the dead!

Nor must we omit the last stanza of this *ode*, into the delightful spirit of which we trust our countrymen will enter——

Boast, Britain, of thy glorious guests—
Peace, wealth, and commerce all thy own!
Still on contented labour rests
The basis of a lasting throne.
Shout, poverty! 'tis Heaven that saves;
Protected wealth! The chorus raise:
Ruler of war, of winds, and waves,
Accept a prostrate nation's praise!

With respect to the general character of this *ode*, we have seen no verses on the *peace* in which there is combined so much beauty and sublimity.

The other production demanding our attention is RICHARD and KATE, an aged couple, frequenting a country fair, and rejoicing along with their numerous offspring in the scenes of its accustomed festivity. There is something peculiarly natural and engaging in the sentiments here brought together, expressed in easy versification.

Richard's invitation is thus conveyed to *Kate*:

Have you forgot, *Kate*, prithee say,
How many seasons here we've tarry'd?
'Tis *forty* years, this very day,
Since you and I, *old girl*, were marry'd!
Look out—the sun shines warm and bright,
The stiles are low, the paths all dry:
I know you cut your corns last night—
Come, be as free from cares as I!

Kate, after some little hesitation, accepts the invitation, and having prepared themselves, they proceed on their jaunt:

The day was up, the air serene,
The firmament without a cloud,
The bee humm'd o'er the level green,
Where knots of trembling cowslips bow'd.

Their *arrival* at the fair is lively and picturesque——

At length arriv'd amidst the throng,
Grandchildren bawling hemm'd them round,
And dragg'd them by the skirts along
Where gingerbread bestrew'd the ground,
And soon the aged couple spy'd
Their lusty *sons* and *daughters* dear,
When Richard thus exulting cry'd,
"Didn't I tell you they'd be here!"

Richard is naturally described as being much elated by beholding the feats of his descendants —reminding him indeed of former times, he indulges himself in a few boastful exclamations; the poet therefore adds——

Thus spake the ALE in Richard's pate,
A very little made him mellow,

But still he lov'd his faithful Kate,
Who whisper'd thus—" My good old fellow,
Remember what you promis'd me;
And see, the sun is getting low,
The children want an hour, you see,
To talk a bit before we go."

The old man consenting to return home, takes the following affectionate farewell of his children—it forms an interesting conclusion:

" Thro' all my days I've labour'd hard,
And could of pains and crosses tell,
But this is labour's great reward,
To meet *you* thus, and see *you* well.

May you be all as old as I,
And see your sons to manhood grow,
And many a time before ye die
Be just as pleas'd as I am now!"

Then (raising still his mug and voice),
" An old man's weakness don't despise,
I love you well, my girls and boys;
God bless you all!" so said his eyes---

For as he spake a big round drop
Fell bounding on his ample sleeve,
A witness which he could not stop,
A witness which all hearts believe.

Thou, *filial piety*, wert there,
And round the ring benignly bright,
Dwelt in the luscious half-shed tear,
And in the parting word, " *Good-night!*"

With thankful hearts and strengthen'd love,
The *poor old pair*, supremely blest,
Saw the sun sink behind the grove,
And gain'd *once more* their lowly rest.

Islington. J. E.

ROYAL VISIT TO THE MANSION-HOUSE

ON EASTER MONDAY.

ON Easter Monday, the children educated in Christ's Hospital walked, as usual, to the Mansion-house, and from thence to Christ church, Newgate-street, in procession, which was attended by the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, a number of aldermen and their ladies, &c.

The dinner was attended by a great number of persons of the first distinction. The Prince of Wales, for the first time in his life, dined at the Mansion-house, and indeed is the first Prince of Wales that has so honored the chief magistrate of the city for time immemorial. The Lord Mayor gave up the chair to the Prince, which he occasionally accepted of.

Among the company were his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—Dukes, Cumberland, Clarence, and Kent—his Royal Highness Prince William of Gloucester—the French princes—Monsieur Otto—and the following nobility, &c. of both sexes: Bishop of Bristol—Earls, Clonmel, Spencer, Mountnorris, Morton, Moira, Pomfret, Harrington, and Dorchester——Viscounts, Nelson, Hood, Folkestone, and Strangeford—Lords, De Blaquiere, Bayning, Chichester, Carrington, Colnbrook, Grantley, Granard, F. Montague, Valentia, Cathcart, Hawkesbury, Folkestone, Hobart, and Cranley—Chancellor of the Exchequer—Lord

Chief Baron of the Exchequer—Count Bruhl —Serjeant Knowles—General Reid—Aldermen, Flower, Leighton, Watson, and Lewis—Sirs J. Crawford, J. C. Hippisley, W. Hamilton, J. Heard, W. Stirling, Sidney Smith, S. Douglas, W. Wynne, and R. Burnet.—Messrs. Mainwaring, Milner, Sheridan, Manning, Lane, Palmer, Pope, Pilkington, Plummer, Powell, Walter, Romilly, Rogers, Sedgewick, J. Smith, T. Smith, W. Skeffington, Hon. Mr. Scott, G. Shum, Sambler, Richardson, J. Stewart, Snowden, Sparks, C. Tibbits, Trotter, G. Tierney, Tatlock, Thornton, Vandeleur, Vardrey, Williams, R. Williams, West, Welch, W. Wynne, Wright, Deatry, Dent, Dignum, Dixon, Hon. T. Erskine, Hon. J. Scott, Hougham, S. Hammett, Harrison, Jones, Caysal, King, Kensington, Lygon, Lee, Lubbock, Phillips, Pilkington, Shelton, Baskerville, Hon. S. Bouverie, Barnard, R. Barnard, R. Boyd, B. Coney, W. Gosling, Freeling, Harrison, jun. Hope, sen. and jun.

Duchesses, Gordon and Manchester—Marchioness Donegal—Countesses, Harrington, Granard, Sefton, and Mountnorris—Ladies, Hawkesbury, Hobart, Macleod, Stirling, C. Stewart, Matilda Winyard, C. Hippesley, S. Chichester, C. Carrington, Anna Maria Stanhope, C. Rawdon, and Folkestone—Mistresses Lubbock, Romilly, Phillips, W. Sambler, Combe, and Stewart—Misses, Lane, Hilliard, Hankey, Godfrey, Eden, Carleton, F. Carleton, Crawfurd, Hon. Miss Smiths, Miss Pope, &c.

The unusual number of people of fashion invited, however, produced disappointment to many of the citizens who used to partake of the Mansion-house hospitalities on Easter Monday.

The Prince of Wales, on his way to the Mansion-house, was received by the populace with uncommon marks of respect and regard. A little on the west side of Temple Bar a great concourse of people greeted him with shouts of applause; they took the horses from his carriage and drew him to the Mansion-house. The Prince was in a plain carriage—he was accompanied by Earl Moira. Mr. Erskine and several other gentlemen were in carriages behind.

The sheriffs, Messrs. Rawlins and Cox, did not dine with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion-house—a thing almost unprecedented in the annals of city festivals. The reason of this we understand to be as follows:—It has been always considered a thing of course that the sheriffs, who form so important a part of the constitutional magistracy of the city, should be present at the entertainment on Easter Monday, and they were always allowed a certain number of tickets for their friends. On this occasion, however, they received only a card of invitation for themselves. Considering this unusual denial of what was theirs by right or courtesy as improper, they declined attending but on the former footing. They made part of the procession to church, but they went away when it returned to the Mansion-house.

The Egyptian hall was fitted up in the first style of elegance for the reception of the noble

and august visitors. At the upper end of the hall was the word PEACE in illumined lamps; underneath was placed a beautiful whole length painting of Apollo, and on each side portraits of Earl Howe and Viscount Nelson, the hero of the Nile. A brilliant crown, and the initials G. R. illuminated this part of the room.

Opposite the entrance of the hall was a figure of Britannia holding a shield, inscribed with the names of Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, Nelson, and Warren. At the lower end, over the music gallery, was affixed another large transparency, representing the four Quarters of the World worshipping Peace.

Underneath the gallery was erected a triumphal arch lined with crimson and illuminated, in the centre of which was the pedestal for the good old English fare, the baron of beef; on each side stood the carvers in their proper habiliments, and two serjeants belonging to his lordship's regiment were attired in their uniform.

In the niches on the right and left of the hall were whole length statuary figures of the four Seasons, and also those of Faith, Hope, and Charity. The other statues were Pomona with a cornucopia of flowers, and the figure of Liberty holding the cap on a spear in the right hand.

The principal table (in the form of a horse shoe) extended to the length of thirty feet. At the head of this table, where the Lord Mayor and his lady sat in their state chairs, was placed a rich colonade, or Eastern golconda, supported by thirty-two glass pillars of the Corinthian

order, inlaid with gold, and ornamented with rich ballustrades, the whole supporting the union devices of the three kingdoms, and emblazoned with military and naval emblems and medallions of the British admirals, Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent, Hood, and Nelson; the four corners representing trophies of peace and commerce. In the center of this temple was placed the figures of the Muses in Derbyshire china, and over which was a dove descending with the olive branch in its mouth to present it to them; and near to whom stood a lamb, as figurative (as we are informed) of quietness!—The temple was also decorated with medallions of his Majesty and the royal family.

The summit of this beautiful edifice displayed a radiant glory, with three effulgent stars, appropriate also to the union, superbly decorated with military and naval trophies. In the centre of the relieves of this table were two beautiful pieces, supported by pillars of green chrystal, representing a ship manned and rigged, with little figures ascending the ropes to the main-top to furl the sails, the edifice being supported at each corner by dolphins, the water appearing as if spouted from their mouths.

The implements of war which adorned this structure were reversed from their former situation through the blessing of peace, and the figures of Husbandry and Agriculture substituted in their place. A large Corinthian pedestal supporting a vase, in the centre of which was the figure of Hercules destroying the Hydra. The figure of Fame blowing the glad tidings of

peace was well designed, and the following appropriate sentences on the flags of the ships—"With Peace Trade shall flourish"—"Peace and Plenty"—"Peace and Happiness"—"Peace and Union for ever!"

The grand table on each side was adorned with two beautiful figures of Derbyshire china. The company were seated under a colonade of artificial flowers, the pillars and arches being entwined with roses, ranunculases, anemonies, sweet peas, blue bells, and lillies of the valley, and the summits of the pillars displayed large *bouquets* of flowers.

The ground-work of the table-frames were thrown *en parterre*—the middle piece was in two compartments, one representing Britannia and the Union, with a Cupid supporting the Prince's plume, and the words in a scroll—"Peace and Plenty," and the initials G.R. under the royal crown, with a lion *couchant*; and in another part a representation of the Prince's regiment (the 12th dragoons) offering up their swords at the shrine of peace. In the back ground, on the right hand, was a view of the British fleet lying in *ordinary*, and dismasted, ornamented also with various devices.

The confectionary ornaments were executed by Messrs. Hoffman.

The massy pillars which supported the Mansion were encircled with lamps, and also the saloon was splendidly lighted up. In addition to the three chandeliers, the Lord Mayor had a number of smaller ones placed on the tables.—The decorations were mostly under the direc-

tion of his lordship, with the assistance of the Lady Mayoress, who gave ample proof of her taste. At the upper and lower ends of the hall were two mirrors, about four feet in length, and three in breadth, placed in such a direction that all the company might have a view of themselves in perspective. The company were admitted through the passage fronting the great gate, not, as usual, up the great stairs. This passage was so arranged with evergreens that it formed a complete shrubbery; at the entrance were two lions as large as life, and in different parts pieces of statuary.

The entertainment corresponded with these preparations. The viands, the desert, the wines, &c. were of the first quality. The band continued playing during the repast.—A number of loyal and appropriate toasts were drank. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (after the health of his Majesty had been given, with three times three, by the Lord Mayor) paid a most handsome eulogium to the corporation of the city of London, which was received with the greatest enthusiasm by every person present. The Prince then gave—"The right honorable the Lord Mayor, and prosperity to the city of London."—"The Army and Navy of Great Britain" was then given. The band at the end of each toast played God save the King, Rule Britannia, and Britons strike Home. Several other toasts were also given.

The dinner was served up in the first style by Messrs. Hoffman and Birch, and consisted of every delicacy, and a most elegant desert.

The Prince of Wales led down a minuet with Miss Eamer. Country dances closed the amusements of the day, but it was not till late the following morning that the company departed.

The Prince displayed in every circumstance that affability, politeness, and elegance of manners for which he is distinguished; and expressed himself in terms of the greatest approbation to his lordship when he conducted him to his carriage, as did also Prince William of Gloucester.

The whole of the entertainment gave infinite satisfaction to the visitors.

PROCLAMATION OF PEACE.

THE usual ceremonies which take place on the important event of Peace were observed on the 30th of April. The proclamation was made through the city of London in the following order:—

The Officers of Arms, Serjeants at Arms, with their maces and collars; the Serjeant Trumpeter, with his mace and collar; the Trumpets, Drum-Major and Drums, and the Knights Marshal's men, assembled in the stable-yard at St. James's; and the Officers of Arms, habited in their respective tabards, and mounted, the procession moved from thence to the palace gate, where the Windsor Herald read his Majesty's Proclamation aloud; which being

done, the procession proceeded to Charing-cross, as follows:—

A Party of Horse Guards, to clear the way.
Beadles of Westminster two and two, with staves.
Constables of Westminster two and two.
High Constable on horseback, with his Staff.
Officers of the High Bailiff of Westminster, on horseback, with white wands.
Clerk of the High Bailiff.
High Bailiff and Deputy Steward.
Knights Marshal's Men, two and two.
Drums.
Drum-Major.
Trumpeter.
Horse Guards flank the Procession.
Serjeant-Trumpeter in his collar, with his mace.
Rouge Dragon, Pursuivant of Arms.
Portcullis and Rouge Croix.
Pursuivant abreast.
Richmond Herald, between two Serjeants at Arms.
Somerset Herald, between two Serjeants at Arms.
Norroy, King of Arms, between two Serjeants at Arms.
Deputy Garter, Principal King of Arms, between two Serjeants at Arms.
A Party of Horse Guards.
Horse Guards flank the Procession.

At Charing-cross, Norroy, King of Arms, read the Proclamation aloud, and the procession then moved on, in the same order, to Temple-bar. The cavalcade arrived about one o'clock,

An hour before this time, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, had arrived at the same place from the Mansion-house in grand procession. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs in their state carriages, the Aldermen in their private coaches, accompanied by the Officers of the City, the Militia, the East India Company Volunteers,and an immense concourse of people. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs alighted at Temple-bar, and went into the house of Messrs. Child, Dent, and Co. bankers. The state carriages passed through the Bar, empty, and turned in the space newly widened for the projected improvement, to the west of the Bar. They then returned through the Bar, and resumed their stations in the line of Aldermen's carriages. The Lord Mayor held in his hand the ancient sceptre, which is regularly transferred when the Lord Mayor is sworn in, but seldom or never used in public. It is about eighteen inches long, made with gold and glass, ornamented with pearls and precious stones round the coronet; at the top are the British arms. The Sheriffs, likewise, were on horseback, and the Sword-bearer and Mace-bearer, in full dress, without boots—the Sheriffs wearing coloured ribbons on their shoes, corresponding to their liveries. As soon as notice was brought to the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of the approach of the Heralds and suite from St. James's, they came forth and mounted their chargers. The Lord Mayor bestrode a very fine chesnut horse, thoroughly trained to the *grand pas*. The Sheriffs had also beautiful

horses. They were all dressed in their robes and chains of office—the Lord Mayor with his key—the Sheriffs with their wands. They were received with grand acclamation of trumpets and other musical instruments, and they took their station within the Gate, which was shut and guarded. On the approach of the procession on the Westminster side, the Horse Guards filed off and lined both sides of the way. The Beadles of Westminster—the Officers of the High Bailiff, and the Constables did the same, and made a lane for the Knight Marshal and his Officers to ride up to the gate. The High Constables of Westminster went first to clear the way. Sir James Bland Burgess, as Knight Marshal, dressed in his mantle and collar, mounted on a beautiful cream-coloured charger, known by the name of the *Turk*, went up to the gate, and the Trumpeters having given three distinct sounds of the trumpet, the Knight Marshal knocked thrice with his staff on the gate, which was opened, and he passed through, and delivered into the hands of the Lord Mayor a paper, with the Sign Manual, demanding, on the part of his Majesty, admission into the City, to make Proclamation of the Peace. The Lord Mayor signified his assent; and the Knight Marshal, with his suite, returned to the Heralds, and announced that the passage was open. The Cavalcade then moved on, and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs took their place in the line immediately after the Heralds, and other Officers of the College of Arms.—At the bottom of Chancery-lane the whole halt-

ed, and the Trumpeters having made their sound, the Herald read aloud his Majesty's Proclamation. The Procession then moved on through Fleet-street, up Ludgate-hill, through St. Paul's Church-yard, and into Cheapside.—At the top of Wood-street the Cavalcade again halted, and the Trumpeters having sounded thrice, the Proclamation was again read. At the Royal Exchange it was read with the same ceremonies for the last time; and the Procession proceeded through the City. When they returned to the Mansion-house, the guards, with Heralds, Knight Marshal, &c. passed on. The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen alighted, and after the City Militia clearing the ground before the Mansion-house, his Lordship mounted his horse, when the Sheriffs and Aldermen and City Officers on foot, arranged in front of the Mansion-house, with the fourteen regiments of Volunteer Corps, each with their Commanding Officers, paid military honors to his Lordship, when he presented them with a copy of the thanks of his Majesty, and the Honorable the House of Commons of the United Parliament, assuring them of his Majesty's satisfaction of their services during the war; after which they filed off to their respective situations.

THE ILLUMINATIONS.

THE inhabitants of the metropolis had so much time to prepare for the illuminations, that they had all the benefit of concert. Illumina-

tions were never more general. The effect was very striking. The splendor of the lights, reflecting on the perpetual stream of curious gazers that rolled on through the streets below, presented a very animated scene. We cannot pretend to describe the effect of this wide extended blaze. The whole firmament was on fire, and by the darkness of the night, the splendor of the effort to convert night into the brightness of day was the more conspicuous. The moon and stars were happily withdrawn from the competition of art to outstrip their glories, and to supersede their reign!

To enumerate the many and varied transparencies displayed on this joyful occasion would occupy more room than we have to spare—we shall therefore just notice the principal public offices, &c.

Bank of England.—The transparent Picture, painted by R. Smirk, Esq. R. A. occupying the space between the two central columns in the principal front, represented Britannia seated; her robe of war is cast aside, and her helmet, shield, and cutlass lying by her, shew that she was recently disarmed. She is saluted by Peace; and Minerva, as her Counsellor, stands near her Tribune, while the Pyramid immediately behind this group is a type of that stability which her government must acquire from such an union. Britannia stretches out her right hand to receive Industry and Genius; while the other holds a cornucopia, the emblem of that abundance which best corresponds with the liberality of her views. This allegory exhibits

the British Nation under the auspices of Peace, impelled by the wisdom of her Councils to call into useful action the corporeal and intellectual energies of the country; a conduct at once most worthy of her character, and most capable of remedying those evils which are inseparable from a state of warfare.

The Mansion-house.—The pillars wreathed round with variegated lamps; the large transparency in the middle, with full length figures of *Peace* coming down to the Four Quarters of the World. On the west side of the Mansion-house was a transparency of a full-length *Britannia* leaning on a medallion, describing the names of four of our naval victors, with the feathers and variegated lamps.

The East India House, under the direction of Mr. Holland, was well worthy of the first Commercial Company in the world, and the greatness of the occasion. They fully kept pace with the Bank in splendor, and certainly equalled it in fancy and decoration. The wings of this superb building were ornamented with festoons, forming the segment of a circle. Between the six columns, which were richly ornamented with twelve rows of neck-laces, was placed the word "Peace," the volutes of the columns being beautifully adorned with lamps. In the centre opening of the front was a brilliant star, supported by the letters G. R. with an imperial Crown predominant. This illumination consisted of ten thousand lamps.

The beautiful Illumination of the Phœnix Fire Office deserves particular notice. The

front was embellished in three divisions. In the centre compartment, Bellona, stopt in her desolating course by the Goddess of Peace, drops the reins of the horses which drew her blood-stained car, and turns aside her face with aversion from the olive branch presented to her; at the top, in the centre, is placed a brilliant Star of the Order of the Garter. Inscription, "Glory to God on High!" Another transparent Painting, in the Eastern Department, represented the horrors of war, a woman in agony lying on the corpse of a deceased soldier; in the back ground, a city and a port in flames, the terrified inhabitants flying in all directions. Inscription, "War and Desolation." On the Western side, Britannia and Peace greeting each other. The distant scene presents the rising sun shining over a placid sea, and brightening a landscape in which the ploughman is whistling on his way; the emblems of Commerce, Industry, and Plenty, are spread around; a city rebuilding, emblematical of the renovation of public prosperity. Aloft is a Phœnix, the most antient and celebrated symbol of the revival and regeneration of all things. The whole was richly decorated with coloured lamps disposed in obelisks and festoons, and had a very fine effect.

Mason, the seedsman, in Fleet-street, exhibited to our jolly tars a scene of great attraction. It was that of a man of war completely rigged, dressed with the colours of all nations, and the British standard flying at the main.—"Aye

(says Jack) this 'ill do—If it wa-ant for that there, we should'nt have had Peace."

In Fenchurch-street we noticed that of Mr. Allen, upholder to the Bank of England. Britannia seated on two bales of goods, representative of Commerce, pouring from a cornucopia reversed, in her right hand, several sorts of money over the globe beneath, was encircled by laurel branches, and surmounted with a crown, with the letters P. and C. on the sides, signifying Peace and Credit. This pretty emblem gave rise to the following lines

ON THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

"Of the fam'd Bank of Venice no longer we hear,
And that of Vienna to ruin drew near;
Wherever our sails were by Commerce unfurl'd,
By its Credit our Bank sav'd the wreck of the world."

M. Otto's house, in Portman-square.—From the level of the square rose a projecting colonade of the Ionic order, with corresponding pilasters, and garlands of various colours. The entablature, richly ornamented, was divided in the centre by a tablet, on which was formed the word AMITY. The upper part of the structure was adorned by four pilasters, terminating in three arches, the middle arch forming a separate body, reaching to the cornice, which was delineated by coloured and earthen lamps; the latter were part of the novelties in the design, and sending forth a very bright flame, marked that part strongly. Above the cornice, in the centre of the attic, as crowning the whole of this beau-

tiful fabric, was placed a Star of the richest colours, and of immense magnitude, proportionate to the height at which it was fixed. Before the side arches were two vases of an antique form; the interstices were filled up with laurel trees formed by green lamps, and letters G. R. and F. R. over which were placed a regal and a civic crown. In the middle arch, above the cornice, embowered in a rich natural foliage, appeared a Transparency representing the Genius of Englnd and France in the act of uniting their hands, in token of friendship, before an altar inscribed "To Humanity."—Over it were placed the word Peace, with olive branches.—From this description some idea may be formed of the regularity of the design and the magnificence of its appearance: it was every way suited to the happy event it commemorated. The music stationed (by the order of M. Otto) in the square, served to heighten the general effect. The square was crowded with spectators the whole of the night. Soon after eight o'clock Portman-square was so completely jammed with people and carriages, that it was difficult to get either in or out. Many carriages were stationary more than three hours, and all avenues to it were blocked up—for as there was no person to order regularity of procession, the coaches met in opposite directions, and stopped up the streets leading to it. The effect of the illuminations was brilliant beyond conception, the whole front of the house being one blaze of light. The balustrades at the top were a little dimmed, owing (as it

was said) to some of the hangings having caught fire. But the whole was very creditable to that gentleman and the magnificence of his government, which directed the expence of it. Nothing could exceed the gaiety of the scene, the band of music of the Coldstream being within-side the railing of Portman-square during the whole evening, playing martial airs.

In Brook-street, Swallow-street, a butcher's shop was decorated with a variety of lamps, and in the midst of them was placed a large piece of roast beef, with a label with this inscription—"A sensible *piece*."

Drury-lane Theatre—Was superb beyond description. The immense size of the building, and its towering elevation above all those that surround it, afforded the proprietors prodigious advantages which they improved with the greatest spirit. They may be compared to the distinguished members of the ancient republics, who at their own expence gave magnificent shows to their fellow-citizens. The inhabitants of Athens or of Rome never received more pleasure from a naumachia, or a fight of gladiators, than the populace of London did from Drury-lane theatre. During the day the union flag was displayed from the summit of the building, but towards evening this was replaced by a model of a man of war so large that it is a matter of the greatest astonishment how they were able to hoist it to such a height. Flags and streamers floating from her top-masts. The front in Russell-street was illuminated with great taste. At the top was a Dove, with an

olive branch; farther down a crown with sprigs of laurel, and the letters G. R. and below the word "Peace" in lamps of the greatest brilliancy. It was on the west front, however, that pains and expence had been chiefly lavished, and to be sure nothing so grand was ever before seen in London. Five colonades of the Corinthian order rose from below to the top of the elipsis which forms the box lobby, and seemed to support the whole. Between them there were transparencies exhibiting Peace, Britannia, Fame, and other appropriate figures. Among them was, first, a very large and beautiful transparency of the implements of war. Cannon were seen vomiting forth their destructive contents, and the dead and the dying appeared at a distance. The contrast thus produced heightened the effect to a wonderful degree. This was surmounted by a wheat-sheaf, and the words "Peace and Plenty," in characters seemingly each three feet long.—Olive branches extended a great way on each side. There was next a circular Transparency, with the arms and emblems of the united kingdom. Above this appeared a brilliant imperial crown, with the two letters G. R. And at the top of all was an inestimably fine transparent painting of a Dove flying downwards, and bearing an Olive Branch in its mouth. The number of lamps was astonishing; they were beautifully variegated and uncommonly vivid. But the chief merit of the decorations was their tasteful arrangement, and of this description we can convey no idea. Though the scale was so

great, a complete symmetry and proportion were preserved, as if the whole had not exceeded the size of a picture-frame. The most perfect simplicity was conjoined with inconceivable magnificence. The spectators were struck with the preparations; but when the lamps were lighted, the theatre resembled the castle of a Genii, such as we read of in the Thousand and One.

About ten o'clock the mob, which then filled all the adjoining streets, was surprised with the firing of a sky-rocket from the roof of the theatre. This was followed by splendid Fireworks, which lasted near two hours. They were conducted by a first-rate artist, allowed by all present to be beyond whatever they had before witnessed. At last the Ship, placed by the Statue of Apollo, began to open upon another, composed of combustible materials. A mock engagement ensued, and the latter blew up, shewing all the beauties of Chinese fire. The Finale was truly grand.

The crowd testified by loud and repeated huzzas their admiration and their gratitude. Their feelings must have been participated by thousands at the distance of several miles from the spot. The illuminations and the fireworks would be seen, perhaps, to greater advantage at Fulham, Wandsworth, Kew, Richmond, and all to the westward of the metropolis.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

Gentlemen,

If you think the following abstract of the names of the ships in the British royal navy, at the conclusion of the late war, worthy of a place in your magazine, I have no doubt but that it will prove entertaining to your readers.

May 4, 1802. A SUBSCRIBER.

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To the Editor of the Monthly Visitor.

Sir,

I LATELY met with the following paragraph in a small pamphlet not much known; but think so curious an anecdote deserves a more extensive circulation. It shews the effects of the *invaluable Art of Printing* when it began to make its first appearance in society. The *arts* and *sciences* are traced to their origin with difficulty—but the enquiry gratifies the inquisitive mind.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

Islington. JOHN EVANS.
May 8, 1802.

"THE first *printed* book on record is the *Book of Psalms*, by FAUST, and Schœffer, his son-in-law, which was published on the 14th of August, 1457. Several works were printed many years before, but as the inventors wished to keep the secret to themselves, they sold their first printed works as manuscripts.—This gave rise to an adventure that brought calamity on Faust: He began in 1450 an edition of the Bible, which was finished in 1460. He carried several printed copies of it to Paris, and offering them to sale as manuscripts, he had the misfortune to be thrown into prison on suspicion that he dealt with the *Devil*—for the French could not otherwise conceive how so many books should so exactly agree in every letter and point unless the *Devil* (who in those days of darkness was thought to be always ready at every person's elbow to appear, when called for in *propria personâ*, and offer his services) had lent him assistance. Faust, in order to prove that he was not connected with the infernal powers, and to obtain his liberty, was obliged to disclose his secret, and inform the ministers *how* the work had been done! It is upon this adventure that are founded the many ludicrous dialogues which Faust (under the name of Dr. FAUSTUS) holds with the *Devil*, in our travelling puppet-shows."

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

AT SOMERSET-HOUSE,

For the Year 1802.

Emulatio alit ingenia.....VEL. PATER.
Genius is cherished by emulation.

WAR having ceased, we may now reasonably expect that the *fine arts* will flourish abundantly—history leads us to indulge this prospect; and such are the inventive talents of our countrymen, that we are persuaded our expectation will not suffer disappointment.

In reviewing this present EXHIBITION, we shall observe the same order with respect to the subjects which has been attended to on former occasions. Nor shall we deviate from that spirit of candor by which all criticism should be directed. Those paintings alone with which we have been most pleased shall be enumerated.

Of the *historical paintings*, the largest and most meritorious relates to the famous surrender of Tippoo Saib's sons to Marquis Cornwallis, by DEVIS—the whole of the figures being taken from nature. With this piece it is impossible not to be pleased. The countenances of so many British officers—the features of the two young princes in the act of giving themselves up—and the huge elephants accompanying the procession, these are circumstances pe-

culiarly striking and impressive.—The other historical sketches are taken chiefly from Holy Writ, and have several of them much merit. The angel denouncing the curse on Cain, by Corbould—the Jews in captivity in Babylon, by Stowers—the tenth plague of Egypt, by Turner—Rizpah watching by the bodies of Saul's sons, by Opie—Elisha causing the iron to swim, by Dayes—and lastly, the death of Abel, by Hodgetts: each of these possess many traits which could not fail of engaging our attention.

Nor must we omit to mention Lord Strafford making his defence before the lords and commons, by Singleton..the mother of Coriolanus, his wife, and the principal matrons of Rome interceding with him to withdraw the siege of that capital, by Singleton—the parting of Hector and Andromache, by Miss Smith—-and Margaret of Anjou and her son Edward, Prince of Wales, near perishing from hunger and fatigue in the forest to which they fled after the battle of Hexham, by Westall—are paintings very pleasing, and do credit to the talents of the artists. *Historical pieces* are interesting to every intelligent mind; and to *youth*, who are supposed to be well versed in the history of their own country, the delineation of the principal events must inspire a spirit of emulation, which becomes the source of every virtue that can possibly adorn mankind.

PORTRAITS are in their usual profusion. But our objection to the number of them is lessened by the consideration that a great many

have names assigned them in the catalogue! this surely must be more acceptable than the mere solitary terms, *A Gentleman*—*A Lady!* Among the best of the portraits we observed the following—that of Sir Sydney Smith, by Porter—Baron Williams, by Thomson—Mr. Pratt, by Masquerier—Duke of Leinster, by Shee—Earl Spencer, by Shee—Mr. Watt, Soho, by Beechy—Mr. Kelly, by Ashley—Mr. Walker, professor of elocution, by Ashley—and Mr. Erskine, by Mr. Lawrence. But the most striking full length portrait was that of the Princess of Wales tuning her harp, and the Princess Charlotte holding the music-book, by Mr. Lawrence. There was something peculiarly interesting in this piece—many sensations arose within our breasts when engaged in its contemplation.

The *Landscapes* were pretty numerous, as were also the *Views*. Llangwynned, North Wales, by Mr. Baynes, as well as several others, possessed much beauty. But we shall confine ourselves to one with which we were struck—View of London, and some improvements of its port, submitted to the select Committee of the honorable House of Commons by Mr. Dance, exhibiting the proposed double bridge intended for the passage of ships, by the alternate elevation of a draw-bridge in either of the two bridges, whilst an uninterrupted way over the other is afforded at all times for carriages and foot-passengers, without impeding the navigation, and without the necessity of such elevated arches as the height of ships' masts require;—

also the proposed embankment and enlargement of the legal quays, and the new custom-house in the centre of a line of warehouses extending to the tower, to and from which goods may be conveyed by carts on the level of the area round the monument, without encumbering the quays. The monument, that noble column, erected by the immortal Sir Christopher Wren, is seen in the focus of an extensive amphitheatrical area on the north side of the Thames, and the proposed naval trophy is placed in the cetre of a semicircular range of buildings on the south side of the river—by W. Daniell.——How far this plan may suit as to expence, &c. we pretend not to determine; but assuredly *on the canvas* it has a most beautiful and even august appearance. The proposed alterations are indeed very great—but we may venture to declare that with the above improvements, LONDON would vie in grandeur with all the other capitals in the world!

Of *moral Pictures*, many might be specified with pleasure. The *unfortunate Traveller*, by OPIE was very expressive——

On the cold ground the hapless victim lay!
'Twas a sad sight; and his fond faithful dog,
As tho' with reason gifted, mourn'd beside him,
And on his pale face gaz'd with mournful eye!

The *Minstrel* was also highly picturesque, by WESTALL——

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye,
Baubles he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
Save one small pipe of modest minstrelsy!

BEATTIE.

But the painting of this class which interested us in a high degree was taken from Bloomfield's *Rural Tales*, by Miss Spilsbury, entitled *Richard and Kate* on the fair day——

" Didn't I tell you they'd be here !"

Besides the old couple (who are evidently elated at the sight of their children) the articles of the fair are well imagined, and the whole exhibits a fine picture of rural felicity.

Of the MINIATURES there was a large collection; that of the *Queen* was an excellent likeness, and others were very impressive.—The *four* by Mr. *Hazlitt*, possessed that merit by which his pieces are usually distinguished.

Of the *ludicrous* cast were several pictures, which we could not behold without the excitement of risible emotions. Among these were the French soldier telling a story, by Allston—a cap for the dunce, by Barney—Dorothea, from Don Quixote, by Clark—Mr. Emery in the character of *John Lump*, by De Wilde—and a group of comic characters, which greatly amused us.

The *Sea-pieces* are many of them excellent, particularly a view of the entrance into Brest harbour, with the Boadicea making signal to a repeating frigate of the number of French and Spanish ships at anchor in the harbour—by Serres.

Two singular pieces, which we knew not how to place under the former classes, shall be here mentioned——the one is a subterranean temple, by Gaudy, taken from those caverns

and temples of the oracles of the Cybill, on the lake Avernus, near Naples, and from the Adytum of the Greeks. There is something peculiarly awful in its appearance, and to the curious mind it presents an happy illustration of the heathen mythology.

The other picture to which we alluded was Milton composing Paradise Lost, by Westall. The bard, attended by his two daughters, who were committing to paper his divine effusions, suggested many interesting reflections on the circumstances in which he wrote, and by the fame which he has gained by that incomparable poem in the eyes of posterity!

In the *model academy* were *busts* of eminent characters, executed with singular merit, particularly those of the late Duke of Bedford, Charles Fox, and Arthur O'Leary. But the most striking piece was the mother and her babe, from the Greek of Archias, by Panzetta. The subject, highly impressive, may be learnt from the following lines:—

Lyssap's babe had crawl'd on hand and knees
Close to the margin of a dizzy rock;
When lo! her giddy boy his mother sees,
And with a mother's pang receives the shock;
To stir was death! Great God, what could she do?
Sure some kind deity around her watch'd—
She bar'd her breast—it caught the prattler's view,
And from the brink of fate th' unconscious victim snatch'd!

Thus have we given a cursory view of the present EXHIBITION, in which, though there are many indifferent pictures both as to design and execution, yet they are far overbalanced by others of an opposite description. Indeed the survey of the several rooms amply repays our attention.

Islington. J. E.

Great Public Characters.

NO. I.

TOUSSAINT,

THE BLACK GENERAL AT ST. DOMINGO.

TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE was born in 1743, on an estate of the ci-devant Count de Noe, known by the name of the estate of Breda, about a league distant from the city of Cape Francois, in the department of the north, in St. Domingo. By birth a slave, he passed his youth in that condition, and was employed in tending flocks on the land where he was born.

The time which this employment left on his hands being considerable, the early activity of his mind inspired him with a passion of improving it in the cultivation of his talents. He taught himself to read and write. The knowledge he then progressively attained raised him highly in the estimation of his fellow slaves, not less gratified than surprised to see one of their

own condition liberate himself from the profound ignorance which seemed to be their inevitable fate.

Toussaint Louverture, able to sign his name and write tolerably, was advanced from the employment of a herdsman, and began to cast his eye on situations of comparative respectability and profit. The report of his acquirements reached M. Bayou de Libertas, overseer of the estate, who thenceforth resolved to take him into his personal service, and began by making him his coachman.

Toussaint Louverture by his conduct won the esteem of his new master; although cruel to the slaves under his command, this overseer was extremely kind to Toussaint, placed entire confidence in him, by degrees gave him charge of a number of slaves, and neglected nothing that might attach him to his interest.

In these circumstances the revolution found Toussaint. Far from taking any part in the movements that preceded the insurrection of the negroes, he seemed determined to keep aloof from all the intrigue and violence of the times; and certain it is that history has not to reproach him with taking any share in the massacres of the white people put to death in August, 1791. His ambition was not tempted even by his intimate connection with the chiefs of the insurgent negroes, Bouckmant, Biassou, and Jean Francois (all three black slaves); nor could his particular friendship for Jean Francois at that period seduce him. The fidelity he had vowed to his master, and his gratitude, seemed

to have been superior to all the attractions of revenge and avarice, and often he was heard to utter imprecations on the heads of the authors of the disastrous state of the colony. This extraordinary conduct had drawn closer the ties of confidence and friendship between Toussaint and his master. In the unhappy state of the colony, delivered up to the cruel revenge of the negroes, Toussaint was become doubly dear to the family of the overseer. They well knew his resources—they understood what he might with ease undertake—they perceived the full extent of the influence that he might acquire over his fellow negroes, and the consequences if he should be tempted to abuse his power—and they extremely admired his moderation and disinterestedness.

But the moderation of Toussaint Louverture was entirely feigned—his conduct was the result of the calculations of the most profound hypocrisy, which for a while viewed only the uncertain issue of the enterprise. As soon as he saw its success assured, and the favorable crisis of his affairs appeared to him to be arrived, he suddenly escaped from his master's house, and fled to the camp of Biassou. This chief of the insurgents, happy to have one of so much talent and reputation for a companion of his atrocities, gave him the most cordial reception, and appointed him his secretary, or rather confidential adviser and agent.

In this new office, in which so much scope was given to his genius, Toussaint began to display his military talent, and the real ferocity

of his character. Biassou sent him on various expeditions, in which he accomplished the object of his employer, the horrible result of which is but too well known in Europe; and as the reward of his service, raised him to the rank of captain of his guards.

This happened at the period when jealousy and consequent division arose among the black chiefs, and opened an easy career to ambition. Toussaint Louverture, already disdaining the second rank, seized on this moment, and in concert with Jean Francois (the rival and personal enemy of Biassou), formed the design of destroying his benefactor, and usurping his place.

One day as Biassou was asleep in his tent, he was suddenly roused, and informed that his camp was invested by a body of 8000 blacks, and that Jean Francois advanced at the head of his cavalry to seize upon his person. Biassou ran to arms, commanded the *general* to be beat, and gave orders to the captain of his guards to post his troops for the defence of his person.

Toussaint calmly executed the military movements that this extremity demanded; but instead of resisting the enemy, he advanced to meet Jean Francois, and delivered his master to him without striking a blow. The fate of Biassou was soon determined—he was deposed from his rank of general of the insurgents, and sent prisoner to St. Augustin, in the interior of the island.*

* This negro chief (whose innumerable cruelties, if their history is ever given to the world, will ex-

Toussaint received as the recompense of his services on this occasion the command of a division, with which he too faithfully followed the footsteps of the ferocious Biassou, till other events conducted him to a new scene of action.

The war which broke out in Europe between the French Republic and the leading powers of the continent, had already extended its ravages to the colonies of the new world, the dependencies of the belligerent nations. At St. Domingo, the French that were faithful to the republic had to contend not only with the negroes who had raised the standard of revolt, and with whom the royalists and the emigrants had associated their interests, but also with the English,

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cite the most extreme horror) died of grief, or rather with excessive rage, some time after his imprisonment at St. Augustin. As to Bouckmant, after he had escaped from the vengeance of Biassou, he was defeated, and lost his life in a battle which was fought near the Cape. His head was placed on a pike planted in the middle of the Place D'Armes of the town, with the following inscription attached to it:—"The Head of Bouckmant, Leader of the Insurgents." Never perhaps did the head of a dead body preserve so much expression—the eyes were open, and seemed still to glow with rage; it might almost be said that he was about to give the signal of a massacre. He fell, after receiving a number of wounds from musket-shots and bayonets, defending himself with great vigor to the last.

who harrassed their coasts, and the Spaniards, who had openly declared war against them.

In the beginning of the year 1793, the Spaniards, eager to reinforce themselves with every alliance that declared itself the enemy of the French Republic, invited to serve under their colours the negro insurgents of St. Domingo. Jean Francois and Toussaint Louverture readily accepted of the invitation, and the first was created lieutenant-general of the armies of the King of Spain, and Toussaint raised to the rank of adjutant-general. Both of these men were clothed with the distinctive marks of their rank, and for the first time black slaves were seen decked with ribbands, crosses, and other emblems of high station.

Jean Francois and Toussaint Louverture now endeavoured to shew themselves worthy of so many honors, by an unlimited devotion to the interests of the Spanish government. The war they made upon the French republicans was a war of cannibals. It was no uncommon thing for them to move with horror and disgust even those whose instruments they were become. Every Frenchman, of whatever colour he was, if he was in the service of the republic, was certain, in falling into their hands, to find death in the midst of unexampled tortures.—Surrounded with a crowd of priests and emigrants, whose counsels encreased their ferocity, these two negro chiefs believed themselves charged with executing the vengeance of the altar and the throne. Their zeal was distinguished by the most frightful of characters—

fanaticism which murders without remorse in the name of heaven; and that extreme barbarism for which the sacred laws of nature, consanguinity, and humanity have no restraint.

When the history of this war shall be written, before the eyes of the reader will be placed the horrible picture of men sawn in two, or mutilated in every limb, or burnt over a slow fire, or hung by the feet to a tree and flayed alive!! La Vendee alone offers some resemblance of the war which for two years Toussaint made on the republicans of the colony. It was in vain, during this time, that the commissaries of the French government at St. Domingo (Polverell and Santonax) endeavoured to lead him back to his duty to the mother country, in whose name they offered him, as well as to Jean Francois, peace, liberty, and protection. These offers were answered by new and greater acts of atrocity. Toussaint, thinking proper to state the motives of his conduct, wrote with his own hand to the commissaries a letter, dated the 28th of August, 1793, in which are these remarkable expressions:

"We cannot obey the will of the nation, because we have been accustomed to execute that only of a king. The King of France is lost to us, but we are honored with marks of distinction and favor from the King of Spain. For these reasons we cannot acknowledge you commissaries of the French nation till you have placed a king on the throne."

This letter was dictated by a Spanish priest, curate of Laxacon, who then had the title of

confessor to Toussaint Louverture. A little before that time this negro chief had addressed a proclamation to his brethren at Cape Francois, dictated in the same spirit. It was dated June 25th, 1793.

The victories and success of the French Republic began to disgust Spain with the confederacy. Toussaint foresaw the end of his employment in the Spanish service, and perhaps apprehended that he should be made a sacrifice at the peace between France and Spain; he therefore prepared to change his party, and his new treachery was accompanied with circumstances of horror. When he had joined the Spaniards he presented himself with his hands stained in republican blood: to efface the remembrance of this, if possible, he resolved, on returning to the republicans, to offer the same trophy, and to sacrifice to them the blood of Spaniards as an atonement!

(To be continued in our next.)

For the Monthly Visitor.

REFLECTIONS ON NATURE.

THE study of nature has been universally esteemed, and is certainly a delightful theme—a theme which unfetters the soul from low pursuits and grovelling actions, and raises it to the contemplation of Him who spake it into being, and at whose nod it will again sink into chaos. Who can view the animating, the all-

cheering-sun, and not behold a God? Who can see the planets revolve in beauteous order and harmony, and not observe the finger of the Deity? Who can behold the wonderful structure of the human frame, and believe it the effect of chance? Who can observe the taste and delicacy displayed in the varied cloathing of the brute creation—the beautiful plumage of the feathered tribes—and the unrivalled hues which adorn some of the most minute insects, without feeling his mind insensibly drawn forth in admiration of the Great Author! But great as he appears in the work of creation, he is much more so in that of redemption. Stupendous thought! That Being, at whose almighty fiat the sun darted his refulgent rays, the moon unveiled her peerless light, cloathed in humanity, struggling in the womb of a virgin; passing through life, not with pomp and splendor, in luxury and ease—but with penurious misery, exposed to hardships and fatigue, he went about doing good! Here is glorious example, a powerful inducement to sweeten the cup of grief, to take the bitter bread of misery from the trembling hand, and transmit the benign rays of benevolence into the hut of cheerless poverty.

Gravesend, I. B.
May 21, 1802.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUPERSTITIOUS ANECDOTE.

A HISTORY of the Assassination of Gustavus III. of Sweden has been just published at Paris, by a Polish officer, who calls himself an eye-witness of the fact. The following extraordinary and improbable anecdote is part of its contents:

There lived at Stockholm, some years since, and perhaps still lives there, a Mademoiselle Arvidson, famous as an *Interpretess of the Fates.* Chance had so well upheld her reputation that persons came from all parts to consult her—the provinces, the city, and the court had all the air, at least, of crediting her pretensions. Gustavus himself wished to interrogate this Sybille. It was neither in his hand nor in the stars that she read his fate, but from the bottom of a coffee-cup that *Destiny* spoke to her.—Scarcely had she been interrogated when she cried out, "Ah, Sire! what a cruel end!"—"What is it?" said the king, with a smile somewhat forced. "No, Sire, I cannot venture to tell you." The king, however, pressed her, with assurances of his tranquillity and disregard for the obstacle, till she said—"The first person whom you shall meet upon the North bridge, in going from me, will one day be your assassin!"

Gustavus shewed the utmost calm and even gaiety for a minute, but then left her impati-

ently, to meet the person she announced—it was the young Count Ribbing, then known for a deranged person, yet certainly not suspected of being an assassin. It was on the North bridge that he met him, and the king immediately said, "My dear count, if I did not know your heart and your principles, how much should I fear you!"—and then related to him the prediction, jesting upon it with so much gaiety, that he put the young man quite at his ease.

Count Ribbing was not the actual assassin of Gustavus, but he had connections which made him suspected by that prince, who must surely have recollected the oracle.

A CURIOUS circumstance was lately witnessed by a gentleman while on his tour through the west of England:—A sailor had repaired to Plymouth church with his lass, for the purpose of being married; when arriving at the place appointed, the usual questions were put to him, and, among the rest, the name of his fair one: "As for that (says Jack) all I know about the matter is, that I took her in tow yesterday afternoon, and that her name is *Bet*."

SEVERAL years ago, a young gentleman went to consult Serjeant Maynard (author of a book called Law Quibbles) how he might safely carry off an heiress. "You cannot do

it at all with safety," said the serjeant, "but I'll tell you what you may do—let her mount a horse, and hold a bridle and whip, do you then mount behind her, and you are safe, for she runs away with you." The serjeant was, however, sufficiently punished for his quibbling advice, when next day he found it was his own daughter that had run away with his client.

THE following curious bequests are contained in the will of Thomas Robinson, late of Roebarton, near Taunton, in Somersetshire, who died lately. The executors are the governor of the bank of England, and Abraham Newland, Esq. the principal cashier:—

"All my property in the stocks I give to the assistance of government—it is my voluntary contribution to the defence of the nation; and I appoint the governor and cashier of the bank of England executors and trustees; and I trust they will have it placed to the proper account immediately after my death.

"All I have in Taunton, in money or goods of any kind, I give to my servant, Elizabeth Clark, in requital for her taking care of me during two long illnesses, the first of which was caused by poison given me by Miss Hannah Slute, which took out all my teeth, caused two or three imposthumes, and from which I recovered by miracle by a milk diet."

ANECDOTE OF FLETCHER OF SALTON,

Related by Lord Hailes.

A FOOTMAN of his desired to be dismissed. "Why do you leave me?" said he. "Because, to say truth, I cannot bear your temper." "To be sure, I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner *on* than it is *off*."—"Yes," replied the footman, "but then it is no sooner *off* than it is *on*."

REPARTEE.

THE son of a Scots marquis, who has seen much service on the continent, was lately accosted by a friend in Bond-street, who facetiously desired "that as hostilities were over, his *whiskers* might be put upon a *peace establishment*." "To that I have no objection," was the answer, "but I desire that at the same time your *tongue* may be put upon the *civil list*."

LORD BACON professed himself much pleased with the answer of an old man who sold besoms at Buxton, to a spendthrift who wished to borrow some money of him: "Borrow of your back, and borrow of your belly, my good friend—they will never ask you for the money, now I shall be plaguing you for it all day long."

ANTIQUÆ LUCUBRATIONES

OR,

REMARKS ON AND TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ANTIENTS.

BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

NO. I.

IT has generally been the case, that uncommon talents in the female sex have been accompanied with more than common frailty; in modern times we have many corroborations of this remark, and in antient, Sappho is a striking and melancholy instance. This unfortunate woman and elegant poet was a native of Mitylene, in Lesbos, and flourished about 600 years B. C. She was married to one Cercolas, a wealthy and powerful man, of Andros, by whom she had a daughter, named after her mother, Cleis. On her husband's death she gave herself up to her boundless desires, and was not only remarkable for the number of her lovers, but for her not confining them to one sex, as we are credibly informed by the antients. The principal object of her admiration, however, was the beautiful Phaon, who (as the fable tells us) was a ferryman at Lesbos, in the pursuit of which employment, happening to carry Venus over the river, she made him, as a reward, the most beautiful man in the world. Phaon, it seems, did not make a suitable return to her passion; and when Sappho

followed him to Sicily, he retired to avoid her. It was here she composed her beautiful hymn to Venus. Phaon still continuing inflexible, she determined to fling herself from Mount Lencate, and thus to rid herself of her hopeless passion, or perish in the attempt. Of this mountain (which hung over the sea) it was said, that if a despairing lover threw himself from it, and was taken up alive, he would be cured of his affection. Sappho determined to try the experiment—despised by the dearest object of her heart, life was no longer desirable, and in search of death, as oblivion, she precipitated herself down the vast abyss, and was seen no more!

After her death the Mitylenians paid her divine honors, and she was styled the tenth muse. In person she was low and swarthy, though her features were not disagreeable.—Of her poems, which consisted of nine books of lyrics and some epigrams, only the Hymn to Venus, one ode, two epigrams, and a few fragments, remain to us; but these are so exquisitely beautiful, that the loss of the residue cannot but be considered as one of the most serious which literature has ever sustained.—Horace was lavish in her praise, as were in fact all the antients; and in the beautiful epistle from Sappho to Phaon, in Ovid, many of the passages are supposed to have been really taken from Sappho herself.

She was the inventress of the peculiar measure called after her, Sapphic. The following is an imitation of the Hymn to Venus, in that

kind of verse which by the bye seldom succeeds in English:

HYMN TO VENUS.

BLOOMING Aphrodite, thou whose names are numberless,
Born of the thunderer, artfullest of goddesses,
Me, oh afflict not, for I am sad and weary
With thy keen torments!

If to my soft lyre thou didst ever listen,
If with the soothing strain thou wert ever charm'd,
Then hither come, and leave thy father's temple,
Come, I conjure thee.

Once did thy sparrows, yok'd in silken traces,
Draw thee all-beautiful from the high Olympus,
And on their black wings wheeling round, they pierc'd the
Blue fields of ether.

Soon thou arrivedst smiling with benignity,
And thy blessed beauties struck my ravish'd senses,
Then thou enquiredst what were my suffering,
Why I did call thee—

What I did rave for with distemper'd fancy,
Whose harsh affections I did wish to win me,
Whom I would bind in love's delightful fetters—
"Sappho, who wrongs thee?

Though now he shun thee, he shall humbly seek thee,
Though now he thy gifts scorn, he shall soon be given,
Though now he love not, soon he shall adore thee,
Ever subservient.

Now, for I need thee, come to my assistance,
Come and dispel quick the traces of vexation,
Aid me in conquering Phaon, the unfeeling,
Aid me, oh Venus.

The following fragment of Sappho has been deservedly admired for its descriptive beauty; as it is short, it merits transcription——

Εσπερε παντα φερεις.
Φερεις οινὸ, φερεις αιγα
Φερεις μαλερι παιδα.

It has been thus well translated——

Vespu omnia fers
Fers vinum, fers eapram
Fers matri filiam.

I have before remarked that the Sapphic measure seldom succeeds in English, and therefore it will not appear singular if I have failed in the above translation. The only exceptions I can find to this general remark are Dr. Watts's Day of Judgment, Southey's Widow, and a ludicrous ode published in the Monthly Magazine, of which I forget the author.

Nottingham,
April 10, 1802.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

REBUSSES.

THE GOOD PARSON.

Answered by a Correspondent.

HIS heart Sincerus cheers with *Hymns*,
With exercise confirms his *Limbs*,
Nor fixes here his aims too *High*,
But keeps the mean of prudence *Nigh*;
His closet sees him daily *Bow*
In homage to the eternal NOW;
And, with desires restrain'd and *Humble*,
Oft sees him beg, but never *Grumble*.
He knows the christian rule to *Keep*,
When to rejoice and when to *Weep*;
'Gainst every passion dares the *Fight*,
And strives to keep his conduct *Right*.
When troubles rise is not too *Sad*,
Nor, when deliver'd, wildly *Glad*;
Sinks not deprest with present *Sorrow*,
And leaves to Heaven the unknown To-*morrow*.

THE STUDENT.

(To be filled up as above.)

HAIL	Salt	Lance
Bail	Malt	Dance
Thumb	Lame	Haunt
Dumb	Blame	Daunt
Hug	Fusty	Sped
Mug	Musty	Bed
Spade	Bream	Duck
Jade	Seam	Pluck.

CHARADES.

1.

My first name's the fetters of wedlock;
My next you should never despise:
My whole, in the sports of your chidhood,
Has often been put on your eyes.

2.

My first your bed secures;
Some hide my next with care:
Oft in a storm the whistling wind
My shatter'd whole will tear.

3.

When travelling, my first; you may pick up my second:
By my whole, the extent of your journey is reckon'd.

4.

My first is Margaret corrupted;
My second is a border;
And when my whole is felt, you find
Your head is out of order.

EDUCATION
IN
THE TIMES OF CHIVALRY.

EVERY youth of noble extraction, the son of the poorest as well as of the most wealthy baron, was taken, at seven years of age, out of the women's hands, and removed from his paternal seat to the castle of another knight, where he was to be trained up to the profession of chivalry under the rigid commands of strangers, at a distance from the effeminate habits produced by parental endearments. In quality of page, he waited on the knight, his lady, and guests, at their entertainments; attended them on a journey, or at the chace; accompanied them in their walks and visits; and, when occasion required, was ready to go on their errands, and execute their commissions. The intervals, when he was not employed immediately in any of these services, were devoted to bodily exercises, to fit him betimes for that hardy and laborious profession for which he was intended. In the reviews of the knights and squires, he saw the game of war played on a small scale. By and bye, he learned to shoot with the bow, to manage the sling, to defend places and ways which were assailed by his companions. Above all, his instructors were anxious to impress on his heart such a character as would reflect lustre on his future rank. Ardent devotion to God, vene-

ration for the lofty spirit of chivalry, and respect for the female sex, were carefully impressed on his mind. Virtue and good manners, courteous behaviour, elegant carriage, and propriety of demeanour were inculcated both by precept and example. Religion and gallantry were intended to form the principal features of his future character. After a course of seven years' preparation, when he had now reached the fourteenth year of his age, he was accompanied by his parents to the altar, there to be admitted to the use of arms. The priest took from the altar a belt, which was placed there for the purpose, and, after having consecrated it with his blessing, girded it around the young warrior, and sent him, adorned with this badge of his new order, to undergo his probation as a squire. Here was the school in which he was to be fitted for a higher elevation.—From the example of the older squires, he learned to obey; and every other necessary instruction he found in an intercourse with the world. From this time, he was admitted to confidential circles, and received into companies; and by this means had every opportunity he could desire of cultivating his mind and taste. He now acted in a more extended province. According to their mental and bodily powers, their activity and dexterity, the elegance of their address, and gracefulness of elocution, the squires had the several departments allotted to them in their attendance on the knight and his lady. Their offices were the care of the stable and equipage of their

lord, discharging the ceremonies of a banquet, a ball, and the other splendid enjoyments that give variety to tranquillity. When any knightly enterprise, such as a quarrel of honour, or a tournament, called his master to arms, the squire was ever ready at his back to yield him assistance. The bodily recreations of the young squires were frequently exchanged for such feats as riding at the ring on horseback with lances, and such other exercises as served for preparations to the art of war, while, at the same time, they rendered them strong, active, and alert. During their term of service in the quality of squires, the spirit of chivalry sank deep into their souls. A long probation of obedience and deference broke the fierceness of their hearts, and wore off the barbarous rudeness of the times. Their frequent conversations with stranger knights, who had often traversed half the world through a series of dangerous adventures, enriched their minds with a knowledge of men and of the world.—Their intercourse with the female sex, and the frequent offices of deep respect which they performed towards them, accustomed them to gallantry and devotion, and rendered their hearts soft and tender, though sheathed in steel and iron. Their presence at the knightly combats of their lords again cherished a spirit of dauntless courage and heroism in danger.—This discipline, which rendered their minds at once heroic and gentle, finished the education of these pupils of towers and castles; and, after seven years more of such exercises, they

were now, at the age of one-and-twenty, declared capable of entering on the duties of knighthood. Some of them, however, voluntarily remained, during their whole lives, in the quality of squires to some renowned knight, who was graced with every virtue of spirit and heart, that could adorn a perfect knight; and, in this case, the high and sacred oath, which they took on being dubbed knights, amidst the pomp of many religious ceremonies, served to confer a superior sanctity on themselves.—Before their admission to the illustrious order of knighthood, they swore at the altar—always to speak the truth, and maintain the right; to protect religion, its ministers, and temples; to assert the cause of the weak and helpless, of the widow and orphans; to be the guardians of chaste women, and their good name; and also to persecute Infidels. This oath was an epitome of the morality of knighthood, the foundation of the sacred respect paid to a knight's word and truth; the fountain of his courtesy and gentle demeanour. To preserve his own honor unspotted, no complete knight permitted himself to be guilty of any injustice at home, as the umpire of his equals, and the judge of his vassals; or to commit any action in the field, that was inconsistent with the laws and practice of war. On their return from the field, each gave a faithful and accurate account for the information of heralds and framers of escutcheons of whatever had happened, the fate of the fortunate as well as the unfortunate; the feats of the valiant, and the flight of the coward: they

concealed nothing from posterity, that could serve to inflame their courage, or to give them confidence in similar adventures. Hence, honour and a love of truth, humanity and gentleness, shot forth amidst the fierceness, valour, and dauntless heroism of the age, and produced that strange mixture of character which was peculiar to chivalry.

THE MOUNTAIN BARD.

From a Collection of popular oral Tales now publishing entitled "Welch Legends."

JOLO GOLCH, the Mountain Bard, as he is called, is the author of several worthy Welch airs, which are much admired by his countrymen. The following is his Legend, which is pretty generally credited, however improbable it may appear to the unbiassed reader.

WHO upon yon threatning rock's brow sits, striking with enthusiastic fire the quivering strings of the vibrating harp? Who is he that to the woods and waters sings his patriotic lay, while his loose garments o'er his shoulders flying, filled, like a sail by the wind, gives his cold body to the cutting blast? Red is his hard cheek—white as the snow his beard and lock, that winnow in the wind—athletic are his limbs: he's like to the sturdy oak, in the winter of his age—slow in his decay, and still retaining some of the former fire of his youth.

Oh! you know not the Bard of the Mountain—have you not heard his soft melodious lays, his rustic song, or invocation to his countrymen? It is the patriotic Jolo Golch whom you observe; who, in the fierce slaughter of his countrymen, alone surviving, did defy the foe, and singly faced them. But listen:—More pangs a mother never knew than did the mother who gave him birth. In yon dismantled hut was he born, the only offspring of an humble but contented sire. His mother, whose occupation was to till the fertile field, was used to girth young Jolo to her back, and so pursue her avocation. The child seldom cried; and, in the leasing time, she laid him on a rick of corn, while she would form her wheaten sheaf with heart of merry glee.

One sultry day, young Jolo being disposed of as just before observed, and the mother at some distance off, collecting together the scattered ears that from the team had fallen, or by the sickle had been neglected, while the busy countrymen were gathered round the costrill of cooling ale, a monstrous eagle espying the infant, alighted, and bore him away.

Distracted, the wretched mother viewed her infant, and Heaven implored. Higher the eagle soared, until it disappeared, and young Jolo's screams were heard no more. To the battlements of yon Roman tower the eagle flew—there she had built her nest—and there her unfledged young croaped for the welcome food. But that all-powerfnl Cause who presides over human actions, came to the assist-

ance of this infant, and placed a mother's feelings within the eagle's breast: she sheltered it with her young—stilled its feeble cries—and roamed for food to nurture it.

Five years on yonder tower's top the infant drew its breath, beneath the maternal eagle's wing: the young were fledged and fled, and Jolo alone was now her only care. O'er him she'd sit, and brood, and watch his little limbs expand with the tenderest affection: and now the boy would creep from out the nest, and o'er the mossy stones trail his tender limbs. It was in the September month, when the sultry day is closed with the angry storm, the Roman tower on which the eagle's nest was built, toppled, and part of it, cleft by the storm, fell with horrible noise. Wildly the infant screamed, and closer to her breast the maternal eagle drew him; but the fierce tempest still continuing, threatened the total annihilation of the tower, and once more soaring to the heavens with young Jolo in her embrace, she flapped her wings, and cut through the foggy air. Long time she flew, fearful of her care, until the storm had entirely subsided. Some fishermen observed her, as she flew with her burthen, almost exhausted; and seeing her in their power, shot her in the breast—she dropped and expired in the lake. She was taken up by them, who were much astonished to find in her embrace a child unhurt. One, more humane than the rest, felt desirous to preserve the life of the child, and took it home to his wife, who was not a little surprised to find that it could not put its

feet to the ground. All possible care was taken of it—it was taught to speak, to walk, to read, &c. The mother of Jolo discovered her infant about two years after, by passing the cottage where it was reared, and observing a model of a harp on his breast. Conceive a mother's joy—a mother's rapture—in once more clasping to her bosom her long lost child!—with what fond affection she pressed him to her heart!

In the Snowdon mountains dwelt a bardic band, whose customs nearly approached the druidic order, but divested of their barbarisms and gothic idolatries; with these young Jolo would associate, and join in their patriotic song. Lively was his imagination—strong and bold his thought—smooth and flowing were his verse, extempore composed—and soon was he elected the chief of the Snowdon bards. But when rude war reared high her blood-stained crest, an inactive life suited not with Jolo's fire: aside he laid the harp, and sought the noisy field. In bloody strife, he yielded not superiority to the stoutest of the foe; but at last, a prisoner he was taken, and to Loedon sent. Not long did a prison captive keep the chief—his active mind found means to elude the vigilance of the guard, and he escaped. To Snowdon he shaped his flight, and gained subsistence by singing ballads to the village maid at the cottage door: love was his theme—of virtuous maids and faithless men. Melancholy was his tale—pleasing was the plaintive air he sung, melting hearts, and drawing sighs from the bosom of the love-sick virgin. The Snow-

don bards welcomed his return with unfeigned joy, and once more nominated him their chief. Never again he swore to engage in broils, but with his voice vowed to rouze the warlike fire in the hearts of his countrymen—to inspire them, with descanting on the blessings of liberty —and to tell them what they had to fear if ever they became the slaves of the foe of Wales.

Fifty years of age had he attained when the English monarch, the beardless Edward, whose great object was to subjugate and oppress the sister kingdom, advanced his thousand warriors to our native mountains, and with fire and sword prepared to desolate our land. In the deep recesses of Snowdon lay the Britons, armed for the conflict, and resolved to perish or conquer in the defence of their native rights. Jolo exhorted them to the fight: his inspiring voice arouzed the rage of lions in their breasts, and proudly waved the British banners on the top of every mountain, threatening and defying the English to the combat.

"Countrymen and soldiers!" cried the chief Bard of the Mountains, "boldly determine to renounce your lives with your liberties—protect those rights and privileges which your forefathers have enjoyed, and which from you your children should inherit. When the brazen trumpet of the enemy sounds through the vallies, rush not, as you were wont to do, like a wild band upon their swords, but collected receive them—break not your ranks, but firmly cement-

ed together, oppose their shield-piercing arrows. Forget not that for your homes, your wives, your children, and your liberty, the sword is raised!"

A thousand huzzas echoed among the hills—women and children mingled among the ranks and upon the plains—beneath the mountain was spread a rich repast, at which the leader of the British troops presided, with the bards, drinking healths and success to their arms.—Smiling the next morning appeared: at a distance sounded the trumpet of the enemy, and the stout-hearted Britons took the field. Around the mountains brow the bards were scattered, invoking Heaven for the success of their arms. The English were at first staggered with so novel and strange a sight, and they gave ground upon the first attack of the Britons, who drove them in wild disorder, until their monarch appeared among them, and by an animated example invited them to renew the contest. All was confusion and despair. The Britons, half mad with success, forgot the instructions of the intrepid Jolo, and were routed in their turn by the English, who, ashamed of their conduct, united again, and with fresh vigor assailed the enemy. Alas! alas! dreadful was the carnage of that day, lost by the great confidence of our countrymen, who, assured of victory, regarded not those opportunities which would inevitably have crowned their most sanguine hopes. Not even the bards were spared, whose venerable appearance might have inclined them to mercy, being unarmed, and for that reason not to be

feared. The signal was given for the slaughter of the bards—and up each craggy cliff the eager soldier flew, to complete an act designed by this barbarous monarch.—High upon the Wyddfa's lofty summit sat Jolo Golch, the Mountain Bard, the survivor of the bardic throng: the bitterest execrations burst from his quivering lips. Thrice had the enemy attempted to tear him from his seat, but as often met with a repulse—he feared not death.

Jolo Golch mixes not with the world—in the lofty mountains of Snowdon he dwells: sweet is his song. Often have the village damsels tripped along the green to his merry dance—and the love-lorn maid, listened with tearful eye to his plaintive ditty. The young soldier, inspired with his songs of war, has in imagination fought those very battles which the faithful tongue of Jolo has so glowingly described. Jolo Golch will ever live in the hearts and memories of his countrymen—his song will ever please—his patriotic spirit ever be admired!

The British Traveller.

NO. 1.

IN this new department of our miscellany we intend to lay before our readers, in a continued series, the customs and manners of the principal nations on the globe, and to illustrate our observations with elegant engravings, in addition to those usually given.—In the pre-

sent number we have introduced a Parisian male and female in the costume of the present day, and promise an interesting account of the neighbouring nation in our next. How far this improvement in our undertaking merits the approbation of our friends, can only be ascertained by the many flattering testimonies received since our intimation of the *new series*.

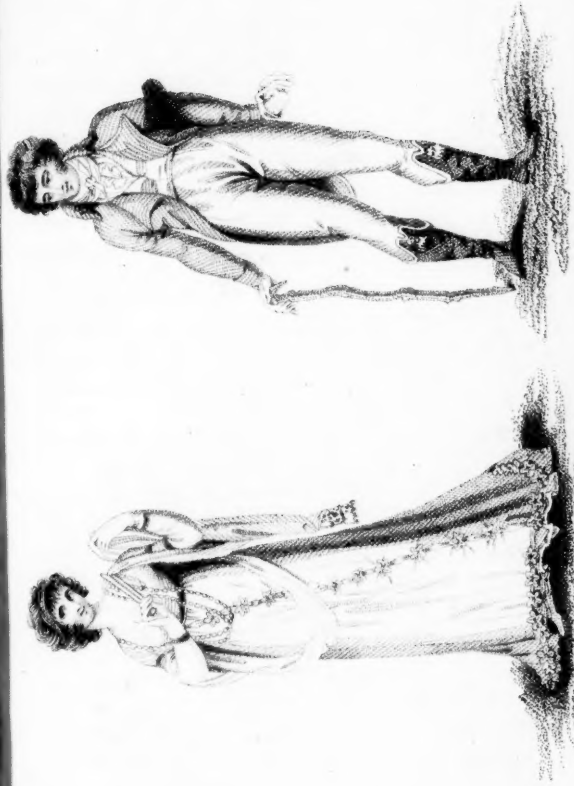
THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

A NEW opera, or, more properly speaking, an old opera revived, called *Algonah*, was produced for Mrs. Billington's benefit, April 30, and has been since repeated for the house. Her benefit was intended for the 29th (Thursday); but on account of the general illuminations was, by consent of the proprietors, postponed to the succeeding night.

April 24, Mr. King took leave of the town in his professional capacity, in the part of Sir Peter Teazle, in *The School for Scandal*, being his benefit night; and which character, notwithstanding his advanced years and infirm health, he supported with genuine humour.

After the ballet of *The Festival of Bacchus*, Mr. King came forward, attended by Mr. Charles Kemble, who officiated as his prompter, lest on such a trying occasion his memory should accidentally fail him, while he delivered the following address, written by Richard Cumberland, Esq.



Whilst in my heart those feelings yet survive,
That keep respect and gratitude alive—
Feelings, which though all others should decay,
Will be the last that time can bear away,
The fate that none can fly from, I invite,
And doom my own dramatic death this night!
Patrons farewell! ——————
Though you still kindly my defects would spare,
Constant indulgence who would wish to bear?
Who that retains the sense of better days
Can sue for pardon while he pants for praise?
On well-earn'd fame the mind with pride reflects,
But pity sinks the man whom it protects.
Your fathers had my strength. My only claim
Was zeal, their favour was my only fame.
Of late, too often when the whole was due
I've paid half service to the Muse and you;
Not what I was, I now decline the field
And ground those arms which I but feebly wield.
The poet, nearly breathless, lame, or blind,
Whilst the Muse visits his creative mind,
Continues wearing his immortal wreath,
Lives in his fame, and triumphs over death—
Whilst every chance that deals the passing blow,
Lays the poor Actor's short-liv'd trophies low;
That chance has come to me that comes to all,
My Drama done, I let the Curtain fall.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Except for benefits, no novelty has appeared since our last at this Theatre; and Mr. Cook's indisposition has been both detrimental to the house, and to his brethren, for whose nights he intended to have played.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND.

FOR MAY, 1802.

PARAPHRASE

ON THE MOST DESCRIPTIVE PARTS OF

HERVEY'S WINTER PIECE.

PART III.

NATURE at length assumes more pleasing forms,
Torn nor by tempests nor assail'd by storms,
The sober evening comes, and in its way
Closes the labours of the short-liv'd day;
The firmament, unsullied to the view,
Puts on its mantle of the brightest blue;
The stars in thronging multitudes advance,
And shine with brilliance through the fair expanse;
While the frost pours its influence around,
Subtle and strong t' arrest the yielding ground;
Sharp and intensely strong thro' all the night,
The rigid æther takes its rapid flight.

When late and slow comes forth the pale-ey'd morn:
See in what pleasing and amusing form
Is nature drest! how pleasing the disguise,
When cloth'd in iron by the frigid skies!

The isicles now pendent to the eaves,
Jagg'd and uneven, a strange picture leaves,
A whitish film encrusts the glazed cell,
Where mimic figures rise and landscapes swell.

The fruitful fields a flinty surface wear,
As beds of marble see the meads appear,
Which to the peasant's hasty tread resound,
While crackling echoes fill the woods around.
Stopt is the streamlet's wild career, and binds
Its flowing surface by the sweeping winds;
The fluid paths, so late the still abode
Of finny tribes, becomes a solid road—
Where the scal'd families oft spread their shoals,
Youth sportive slide, or rattling chariot rolls;
The very breath that binds the stagnant lakes,
And o'er the deep a chrystal pavement makes,
Breaks the hard iron and the harder steel,
And knotted oaks the potent action feel;
Ev'n while it builds of icy rock with ease
A bridge of passage o'er the northern seas.

By nitrous particles at length refin'd,
And all serene the air, and still the wind,
Affords the eye the pleasing distant view,
And brings old prospects to the sight anew;
Infectious seeds are smother'd ere they spring,
And pestilence nor finds its deadly sting.

The crouding atmosphere surrounds the frame,
Braces our nerves and fans the vital flame,
The boyant spirits to their office fly,
Relieve the mind, and hail the unclouded sky.

The winds, long dormant, now resistless sweep
Desarts of snow, and cross the foaming deep,
With frozen weapons arm'd of piercing form,
T' invade our isle and take the land by storm,
Thro' scouling clouds they drive with wild career,
Dreadfully whizzing thro' the darken'd air;

Now round our houses growl, assault our doors,
And seek admittance to our inmost floors,
Eager for entrance, on our windows fly,
Nor walls restrain or turn their fury by,
Bars can't dispute their now acknowledg'd sway,
For ev'ry crevice makes the victor way;
With icy wings health can't the shock withstand,
They scatter agues thro' the weeping land,
Wide spreading winter rages as they go,
And fills the land in deep, in pungent woe;
Their breath is as a searing iron found
To the slight verdure now that paints the ground,
Much more pernicious to the tender shoot
Than sharpest knife—they wound both branch and root.

Let not the corn, by transient gleams made bold,
Leave the warm furrow to defy the cold,
Nor deep entrenchment quit, and meet at last
The savage death-wound of the murd'ring blast;
Nor let the fruitful blossoms dare appear,
And risk the hope of the advancing year.

Oh, 'tis most cold! who now so hard to bear
The pinching frost excessively severe;
The face now pale, diversified with blue,
And florid cheeks contrast a gelid hue;
The teeth loud chatter with the aching pain,
And of the shiv'ring malady complain.

Ye that enjoy all the fond heart desires,
With the diffusive warmth of plenteous fires,
In gentle solace thro' the aired room,
A new made spring and artificial bloom---
Think now, O think what needy brethren pant
Within the cheerless tenements of want:
Their shatter'd panes, wide open to the wind,
Invite the storm and court the blast unkind;

The tatter'd garments o'er their shiv'ring flesh
But prove their wants and give them pains afresh,
While the faint dying embers scarcely glims,
And mocks their wishes more than warm their limbs.

Oft as the juices of Oporto flow
In generous currents and with crimson glow,
Or as the green delicious flavour'd stream
In costly china yields the grateful steam,
O, then, remember what poor creatures lie,
Amid the rigors of the inclement sky!
Worn out with sickness, and benumb'd with age,
Pining with thirst and hunger unassuag'd,
Let their loins bless you for the clothes you give,
Bid their wants cease, and teach them still to live—
So may you never their distresses know,
Nor feel their grief, nor taste their bitter woe,
But in commiseration's sweet repast
Dry up their tears, and hope each sigh the last!

Methinks the blust'ring winds incessant plead
The cause of indigents, the warmth they need,
While to their huts distress in storms they blow,
May your soft breasts with kind compassion glow.
Lo! those blue flames the ruddy coals observe,
Which deck your chimney and your comfort serve,
Quicken'd by cold, more lively they appear,
Burn the more brisk and beautifully clear---
Thus may your hearts at such a juncture fire
With true benevolence and pure desire:
Hold not your rich superfluous piles of wood,
But bid them haste and spread their wonted good;
Let them on wings as willing victims fly,
And cheer with warmth each starving family;
Bid them expire where needy wretches dwell,
Forgotten tenants of the gloomy cell:
So shall their thanks with ev'ry blaze ascend
Where lives the widow's and the orphan's Friend;

To HIM more grateful than the beams which rise
On Indus' banks from bloody sacrifice,
An ardent prayer, which Heaven more approves
Than curling columns from Arabian groves!

END OF THE THIRD PART.

ADDRESS

For the Anniversary of the Literary Fund, 1802.

WRITTEN AND RECITED BY SAM. BIRCH, ESQ.

BY nature taught, society began
To link in mutual compact man to man.
In earliest time the festive board was throng'd,
It sweeten'd toil, and many a joy prolong'd;
The rude repast, with fruit and herbage crown'd,
Simplicity prepar'd on sylvan ground,
When science dawn'd, and harmony conspir'd
To wake the passions as the bard was fir'd;
The minstrel's ballad, and the choral glee,
The pointed jest, the ready repartee,
Increas'd the banquet's fascinating pow'r,
And with new graces charm'd the social hour.
But reason felt such pleasures soon would cloy---
The heart was not partaker of the joy:
And still the restless monitor complain'd,
The illusion vanish'd when the cup was drain'd.

At length a stranger nymph in secret came,
Divinely bright --Benevolence her name;
Mirth stood aloof, abash'd, but not dismay'd,
To gaze with wonder at the immortal maid.
Her charge was with melodious meekness given,
Her eye, all radiance, beam'd the smile of Heaven.

" Henceforth," she said, " your patroness and guide,
I o'er your pleasures will unseen preside;
No more to self-love be your joys confin'd,
Your future luxury shall bless mankind;
By me inspir'd, the gen'rous grape shall know
A magic power untasted yet below."

One heavenly tear she dropp'd within the bowl,
And new sensations sprung from soul to soul.
The blushing beverage own'd the gift divine,
A ruby now, it sparkles in the wine—
The unperishable gem still gives a zest,
Warms while it cheers, exalts, yet melts the breast;
I see, I see the rapture it imparts,
I read her triumph o'er your yielding hearts:
The genial spring's fair flow'r I survey,
The graceful emblem of an April day,
Whose sun, while showers distil, serenely cheers—
So pity's eye is loveliest through her tears.
And oh! if ever worth absorb'd in woe
Could claim that wamth, or cause that tear to flow,
'Tis when the cultur'd genius barbs the dart,
A brilliant fancy—with a broken heart!
On want's pale cheek, when merit's bloom refin'd,
Betrays the fatal hectic of the mind.

Whate'er or good or happiness we call,
The power of intellect supplies it all;
Whether we contemplate a nation's weal,
The bliss of other or our own we feel,
To science all we owe—her sacred store
Makes others wealthy, though herself be poor.

Who first contriv'd the bold expanding sail
To shift and baffle the capricious gale—
Now, like some timid nymph in maiden pride,
Conceal her charms, and coyly seem to glide;
Now in full beauty and voluptuous ease,
Swell her white bosom to the kinder breeze?

Who gave the mariner the law to keep
His faithful reckoning on the stormy deep,
Along the pathless wave his course to trace,
Uncheck'd by darkness, uncontroul'd by space?
Not he for whom the bark returning pours
O'erflowing treasures on fair Britain's shores.
We blush to find, perhaps, that he recedes,
Obscure, forgotten, in an hermit's weeds:
For modest science oft is doom'd to crave,
Unpity'd by the very pomp she gave.
Tho' humbly born, how many souls are found
Whose active genius springs o'er every bound!
And is it sin fair learning's heights to climb?
Yet truth must own that 'tis a sin sublime,
And he who starves compensates for the crime!

When, by the magic of the historian's pen,
Ages long past act o'er their scenes again,
Alternate passions kindling as they tell
What empires flourish'd, and what kingdoms fell;
How power has dignified a villain's crimes,
How virtue triumph'd in the worst of times:
Where rule despis'd, led on from bad to worse,
And headstrong freedom prov'd a people's curse.—

When the wrapt bard, sublime on fancy's wing
To loftiest numbers strikes the sounding string,
Takes the soul captive, as he soars along,
With splendid force and majesty of song.

Or the wan muse, in willow garland bound,
Pours the soft anguish of some tender wound,
Makes the grove vocal with his fond despair,
Clings to his wrongs, yet loves the perjur'd fair.
Such blameless strains, to youth and virtue dear,
Refine the sigh, and consecrate the tear:
Sighs—that no loose unworthy passions know,
Tears—that from rectitude alone can flow.

Or when devotion labours to reclaim
Misguided nature from the paths of shame;
Fearless to chide, yet faithful to impart
Immortal comfort to the sinking heart.

When these, or such as these, transport the mind,
Illume, instruct, ameliorate mankind,
Who can deny, though little he may spare,
That these are objects worthy of his care.
And oh! by every moment, when you prov'd
The best society in books you lov'd;
When wit's effulgence, or when learning's toil,
Has sooth'd one care—rais'd one approving smile;
By the soul's rapture, when your earlier days
Bedew'd with sympathy the poet's bays:
By the corrective force of satire's line,
The sage's moral; or by truth divine,
By all that strengthen'd reason, vice repell'd,
By ev'ry hope confirm'd, or passion quell'd:
By the blest shades of those neglected men
Who sunk the famish'd martyrs of the pen,
Whose daily toils not daily bread could give,
Whose fame alone could by their writings live;
And, by that future hour's sublime reward
(Which all shall know who others woes have shar'd),
Compleat the charge committed to your trust,
And be to genius and to learning just!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. DARWIN.

HARK! what sad accents vibrate on my ear,
Claiming the tribute of the starting tear?
A tale of death these mournful sounds convey,
And tell that Darwin bows beneath his sway!

Darwin, whom all the muses shall deplore,
Sweetest of bards, is now, alas! no more!
Say, will there e'er again in time's career,
To bless the world, his equal once appear;
In his discerning comprehensive mind
The richest stores of knowledge were combin'd;
His soaring genius ever would delight
Thro' nature's bounds to wing its eagle flight;
With penetrating eye he clearly saw
Her latent causes, and her sov'reign law:
His quick imagination, just tho' warm,
Fresh combinations then would eager form,
And thence he drew, with science by his side,
New and important lights mankind to guide.
Led by his vivid fancy, we believe,
That all around us consciously perceive;
No flow'rs or herbs, but with sensation fine,
To love or hate, to hope or fears incline;
And every plant impassion'd can display
Her bashful lures or affectations gay.
Ye lovely tribes, the sweet parterre that grace!
Whose strains harmonious now shall sing your race?
See the fair lily droops her silver bell,
As sad she heares her Darwin's solemn knell!
The damask rose and all her subject flow'rs
Their much lov'd fav'rite weep in dewy show'rs.
Let this, Oh, Darwin! sooth thy hallow'd shade:
Tho' low in dust untimely thou art laid,
Increasing lustre shall thy fame attend,
Till, sunk in years, the world itself shall end;
And each successive age, with grateful lay,
To thy lov'd mem'ry shall fond homage pay.

Literary Review.

An Essay on Education; in which are particularly considered the Merits and the Defects of the Discipline and Instruction in our Academies. By the Rev. Wm. Barrow, LL.D. and F.A.S. Two volumes.

ON the important subject of education an immense number of books have been laid before the public—the topics therefore discussed are by no means new; yet it has so close a connection with improvement, that we are willing to examine every system, and ascertain the degree of attention due to it from mankind.

Dr. Barrow was for many years master of the academy, Soho-square, and of course must be capacitated for the task he has undertaken, so far at least as regards his own practice. It must be confessed he writes with ability, and considerable instruction must be derived from the perusal of the work. We do not indeed agree with him on some subjects—the best informed may be mistaken; for infallibility is not the lot of frail humanity. After all, it must be acknowledged that no general system can be

laid down without exceptions. We are, however, much pleased on the whole with this essay, and many of the remarks are well worthy the notice of those persons who have the superintendance of the rising generation.

A Pocket Encyclopedia, or Library of general Knowledge; being a Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and polite Literature. Compiled from the best Authorities; by Edward Augustus Kendal. In six small volumes.

FEW have not heard of the large and voluminous *Encyclopedias*, eighteen or twenty volumes quarto, which are now in circulation! They are certainly works of immense labour, and may be denominated storehouses of literature: but a serious question may be here started—Who can gain access to them—where is the man whose finances are able to purchase and whose time enables him to make himself acquainted with their contents? Mr. *Kendal* is aware of this inconvenience, and has kindly abridged these pondrous volumes for the use of the generality of readers. We approve of the plan and the execution—it is happily imagined, and the articles cannot fail of extending the empire of knowledge amongst the younger classes of mankind.

The Seasons, by James Thomson; to which is prefixed a Life of the Author, together with illustrative Remarks on the Seasons, by the Rev. John Evans, A.M. Master of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils, Pullin's-row, Islington.

THE *Seasons of Thomson* are admired by persons of every description—perhaps no poem whatever in modern times has enjoyed a larger share of the public approbation. With the young it has ever been a favorite work, and its charms will be always sure of fascinating the rising generation. We are here presented with a very elegant edition of this inimitable performance—the type is peculiarly neat, and the engravings are well selected as to subject and happy as to their execution. The placing of the contents at the head of each page (peculiar to this edition) must be pronounced a very valuable improvement.

The *Life* is made up of interesting particulars, drawn from the different accounts which have appeared respecting our poet; and the *illustrative Remarks* are designed to aid the young reader in relishing the work, and thus enabling him to derive from its perusal every possible degree of improvement.

The Family Dispensatory, comprising explicit Directions for the Use of the several Articles contained in the Medicine Chest; with a Collection of the most approved medical Receipts, a Catalogue of Diseases, and an Index of Remedies. By Richard Reece, at the Chemical and Medical Hall, Covent-Garden.

THOUGH we heartily reprobate every species of quackery, yet we are disposed to recommend every attempt which has for its object the diminution of human calamity. We are subject to so many diseases, and Providence has with so much kindness furnished us with remedies, that it is necessary that we should be acquainted with the circumstances in which we are placed. On this account we are pleased with the little work before us, and sincerely wish that the perusal of its contents may be the means of rendering some real service to the community.

A spiritual Treasury for the Children of God; consisting of a Meditation for each Morning in the Year upon select Texts of Scripture; humbly intended to establish the Faith, promote the Comforts, and influence the Practice of the Followers of the Lamb. By W. Mason, Esq. A new edition; revised and corrected by his son, the Rev. Henry Cox Mason, A.M. Two volumes.

THIS work is so well known in the religious world, that we need say nothing of the nature of its contents on the present occasion.—It is certainly no inconsiderable monument of

the author's labour and piety. The present edition is distinguished for its neatness and accuracy—it cannot therefore fail of proving an acceptable present to a large portion of the professors of christianity.

Historical Account of the Discovery and Education of a savage Man, or the first Developements, physical and moral, of the young Savage caught in the Woods near Aveyron, in the year 1798. *By E. M. Hard, Physician to the National Institution of Deaf and Dumb, Member of the Medical Society of Paris, &c.*

THIS account is really wonderful, and also well attested. It is impossible to peruse the narrative without being affected with certain particulars respecting this wild boy, found in the woods of Aveyron. The efforts to instruct him in various branches of knowledge were highly laudable—such attentions as these are indeed honorable to humanity.

The Characters and Properties of true Charity displayed. Translated from the original French of Fenelon, late Archbishop of Cambray.

THE name of this illustrious prelate will give circulation to any writings which may be known to have flowed from his pen. There is an elegance of sentiment and a strain of piety in the present performance that render it truly valuable. Amidst the violent altercations of party by which the christian community has

been disgraced, we turn to charity for the healing of our differences, and we turn not in vain! CHARITY is at once the essence and glory of genuine christianity.

Conversations on the Divine Government, shewing that every Thing is from God, and good for all. By Theophilus Lindsay, A.M.

THE subject which this venerable author has here discussed is happily illustrated and ably enforced. The sentiments on each side of the question are thrown into the agreeable form of a dialogue, which unites perspicuity with vivacity. Though some individuals may not entirely acquiesce in the representation of some things here given, yet the doctrine inculcated is truly elevating. Who can refuse to exult in the persuasion that *all* things are *working for good* in this troublesome world? Who can be so sullen as not to rejoice in the tenet, that at some future period every species of sin and misery shall cease, and HAPPINESS fill the *creation of God?*

The Nonconformist's Memorial; being an Account of the Lives, Sufferings, and printed Works of two thousand Ministers ejected, 1666. Abridged, corrected, and methodised by Samuel Palmer. Second edition. Vol. II.

THE *first* volume of this valuable work was noticed on its first appearance—we now announce the SECOND with equal pleasure, and

shall be happy to see it brought to a conclusion. The typography and prints of this new edition are peculiarly neat, while the contents are entitled to particular attention.

A new History of Great Britain, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the present Time; exhibiting to the Minds of Youth a Variety of instructive and pleasing Information, and some Particulars now first adapted to the Capacities of young People of both Sexes—the whole calculated to operate as moral Lessons, while it contains every leading Trait of the History of England, on a Plan nearly similar to that of Dr. Henry. By the Rev. John Adams, &c.

WE have transcribed the ample title page of this performance, because it will give the reader an idea of the nature of the book, which cannot fail of proving a *truly valuable present* to the RISING GENERATION. Indeed we have never met a small *History of England* so well calculated to gratify every lover of his country.

The Red Book and the Black one. By the Author of Summer Rambles. Two volumes, 12mo, with a frontispiece.

THIS elegant little production is addressed to the capacities of the juvenile world, and is replete with that morality, good sense, and familiar diction which indicate much judgment and ingenuity in the fair authoress. Indeed the writer need not have screened her name

under the veil of fear or shame, for it will neither impeach her head nor her heart; and it can never be deemed disgraceful to

"Teach the young idea how to shoot,"

to inculcate lessons of morality, wisdom, and virtue, and to captivate the dawning intellect into those amiable attributes of them. The design for the frontispiece was executed by an only daughter of the author, and is truly honorable to her taste and execution. To analyse the production before us would exceed our limits, yet we can confidently recommend it to parents and governesses as an amusing and useful little book.

The Song Smith; or, Rigmarole Repository.

THIS whimsical olio of song and anecdote cannot but be pleasingly acceptable to the lover of conviviality, who need never be at a loss for amusement for himself and jolly companions when in possession of this small volume. Here he may suit himself with love songs, hunting songs, Irish ditties, or any other ditty that may suit his voice and taste; and should nature have denied him the vocal powers, let him learn a few of these anecdotes and comicalities—he will require no other introduction to the temple of mirth. Although us grave Dons are not often provoked to laughter, yet we could not keep down the risible muscles while perusing the *Rigmarole Repository*. The following remarks and song will be a fair specimen of the work, and shew at the same time the novel

manner which the author has adopted of introducing his songs:——

"MARRIAGE (said a Stock-broker) is like the lottery, and happiness the twenty thousand pound prize!"—"Which can go to but one (said a Monopolizer), I imagine."—"Yes, (replied Chance,) it can be divided into a great many shares."—"Marriage is a sea (said Hearty)"—"Then (replied the Sailor) those who venture on it should act like sailors, take the bad with the good, laugh at danger and fear, and sing away care, with

YO! YO! YO!

(Music, Reeve—Musical Appendix.)*

WHAT argufies talking of danger and fear?
To a true British sailor it sounds rather queer;
When the ship rides at anchor he boozes on shore,
And spends his time merrily in pleasure galore;
'Cause he jigs it, and swigs it, and wheels the cann round,
And helps each poor mate he may chance find aground;
And when sailing orders they comes for to go,
Takes a kiss of his Poll, then Yo! Yo! Yo!

When the ship scuds away, and the hands left behind,
He gives all his sorrows, d'ye see, to the wind;
On the round-top or yards how he'll whistle and sing,
And sleep in his hammock as sound as a king:
'Cause he jigs, &c.
And never leaves his spirits for a moment aground;
But if a sad thought comes athwart him, or so,
Heaves a sigh to his Poll, then Yo! Yo! Yo!

* This is a supplementary work, containing the music to some of the songs.

When the foe heaves in sight, then he flies to his post,
And with a broadside he answers each boast;
Unless popp'd off to Davy, he ne'er leaves his gun,
Till the enemy chuses to strike or to run;
Then he jigs it, &c.
And splices each mast, or each sail that's aground;
Then carefully tends on the wounded below,
Heaves a sigh to their fate, then Yo! Yo! Yo!

Thus all sorts of dangers he clearly goes through
Till his reckoning is run, and his vessel broaches too;
Then the sailors prepare his sheer hulk for the wave,
A tar's boast and glory, a watery grave!
They nor jig it, &c.
But gather o'er their mate, on fate's strand run aground;
Then mournfully heave him to Davy below,
Drop a tear as he sinks, then Yo! Yo! Yo!!

The Drawing Magazine, or elegant monthly Cabinet of the polite Arts. No. I.

WE have examined the first number of this pleasing and instructive work, and are highly gratified with its contents, and pronounce it a most valuable acquisition to the fine arts, as well as an indispensible companion to those who practice this elegant amusement. To our young readers in particular we strongly recommend it, and feel no hesitation in saying, that it will prove highly useful to practitioners in general. Should the proprietors keep their promise with the public, that "a progressive im-

provement shall be discernable in each succeeding number," their reward is certain. Popular subjects in this department of the fine arts have long been wanting.

The following are the contents of the first number:

1. The reaper and his dog—a rustic figure.
2. The gleaner's return—the same.
3. A view near Fullam, with figures.
4. The horse frightened by a snake.

Appropriately coloured—with plain impressions for the scholar to copy.

Retrospect of the Political World

FOR MAY, 1802.

THE signing, or rather the *ratification* of the treaty announced in the last number of our miscellany has left each nation at leisure to regulate its own private concerns. At the same time, what we expected has come to pass—the *treaty* has been thoroughly canvassed by parliament, and the old ministers have spoken with great freedom on the subject. To have entirely approved of the peace would condemn their former conduct, and therefore something of their opposition must be ascribed to their love of consistency. However various indeed the opinions may be relative to the cessation of hostilities, one sentiment prevails amongst the great mass of the nation—a sentiment in which we cordially acquiesce—PEACE is the only *sure* and *certain* road to PLENTY!

The circumstance of France having refused to open her ports to this country is undoubtedly an unpleasant thing: wishing to encourage their own manufactures, they are not disposed to have any thing to do with the productions of other nations. There is, however, a surmise prevailing, that this restriction will be speedily removed. We most sincerely wish that in this expectation we shall not be disappointed. Old enmities should be forgotten—prejudices suffered to die away—and forgetting what has past, let us cultivate a friendly intercourse, and guard against every thing which may even disturb, much more destroy our present and long desired tranquillity.

From France some curious information has been received respecting a proposal for continuing *Bonaparte* for life as *chief consul of the republic*. This is an artful measure; but we doubt its policy: it may, for aught we know to the contrary, contribute to the quiet and prosperity of the French nation.

The restoration of that infernal traffic, the slave trade, will pain every friend of humanity. The example which the French set in this particular it was hoped other nations would have followed—but now the example is no more! THEY *have returned* (to use the words of holy writ) back to their former iniquitous practices, *like a dog to his vomit, and a sow wallowing in her mire!* Alas! that there is not found in civilized nations a greater disposition to cherish the lovely plant of HUMANITY!

Of the period of the ensuing election in this country we can say nothing, though from the general prevalence of canvassing, it cannot be very distant. It is a pity that members could not be chosen in a way more favorable to the manners and morals of the nation.

Of *Toussaint*, the chief of the blacks in St. Domingo, little has been heard on which we can rely with certainty. The restoration of slavery by the French can only tend to rouse their passions and inflame their vengeance. Reports circulate that Toussaint is too hard for them—that his frequent harrassings, together with the heat and sickliness of climate, have nearly consigned the French army to destruction!

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR MAY, 1802.

MAY 3. THE exhibition opened at Somerset House, of which we have presented a sketch in the present number—a dinner having been given on Saturday, the 1st inst. honored by the presence of the Prince of Wales, Duke of Orleans, M. de. Calonne, and other distinguished foreigners; Mr. Addington and Lord Hawkesbury were there, as well as Lord Holland, Mr. Grey, Mr. Whitbread, and other leading members of opposition.

4. Two men, charged with shooting a child in East Smithfield, on the night of the illumination, were, on the coroner's inquest having returned a verdict of *accidental death*, discharged.

6. A collection of curious antiquities, made by the French in Egypt, and brought home by Capt. Turner, reached England—consisting of sarcophagi obelisk, statues, &c. They are to be placed in the British Museum.

8. Peace proclaimed at Windsor in great form by the mayor, burgesses, together with the dean and canons of Windsor castle, and the provost and fellows of Eton college. In the evening the tower was lighted up, and his Majesty and the royal family passed under triumphal arches to see the illuminations.

9. The Linnean Society of London, incorporated by royal charter—having been established in the year 1788, for the cultivation of natural history.

12. An officer who had served in Egypt was travelling in the Manchester Telegraph coach to London, was taken very ill just before the coach arrived at the town of Woburn, Bedfordshire; getting out at the George inn, he died in a few minutes. The only means of tracing his connections was a letter found in his pocket directed to a gentleman in London. He had only a few shillings in his pocket.

18. The two regiments of East and West London militia, to the number of 1200, underwent a public inspection in the artillery ground, Moorfields, before the lord mayor and their colonels. They are to be disembodied in a few days.

20. A dreadful fire broke out among the public buildings at Woolwich. As soon as it was discovered, the drums beat to arms, and

the military, together with the inhabitants, made every effort to stop the progress of the flames. Happily the magazines to which the fire spread, escaped, otherwise the damage must have been immense, and the shock must have nearly destroyed the town. The gun-carriage warehouse, the repository, and the carpenters' workshop were consumed. The beautiful model of Gibraltar we understand has been destroyed. The extent of the damage is variously reported —some accounts making it several thousand pounds, others more, a few less. The cause of the fire has not been ascertained.

21. A foreigner who landed a few days ago at Dover, from France, having quitted the port without a proper passport, was taken up under the alien act, and not being able to give a satisfactory account of himself, was conducted out of the kingdom.

22. The fishmonger's company having made the hon. Thomas Erskine an honorary member of their company, they gave him a grand dinner at their hall, which was numerously attended.

24. A bill brought into the House of Commons, to abolish *bull-baiting*, by Mr. Dent, is thrown out, Mr. Wyndham having made a very singular speech for the continuation of a practice disgraceful to humanity !

27. The two universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and a deputation of the dissenting ministers in and about the cities of London and Westminster, waited on his Majesty at St.

James's with congratulation on the restoration of peace.

28. A woman of very respectable appearance, about the age of forty, was taken out of the Thames, near Blackfriar's bridge, almost drowned. Being restored, she was asked her name and place of abode: she refused to gratify the inquiries—cried most piteously, and expressed much disappointed on being saved from a watery grave!

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

(From the London Gazette.)

JAMES HARPER, Bordesley, Warwick, malt-mill and bayonet maker. Adam Scott, Workington, Cumberland, mercer and draper. John Osbaldiston, Southampton, baker. William Williams, Dean-street, Holborn, carpenter. William Lashbrooke, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, wine merchant. Eleanor Douse, Coade's-row, Lambeth, milliner. William Robinson, Richard Freestone, Paris and Dinah Squires, King-street, Seven-Dials, bakers. John Dyer Collier, late of Abridge, Essex, farmer. James Sarjant, Sunderland, spirit merchant. Ralph Wood Carr and Robert Carr, now or late of Leeds, dry-salters. Henry Reader, now or late of Leeds, mercer. Richard Hooper, late of Burbage, Wiltshire, corn-chandler. Samuel Bishop, Great Newport-street, Soho, stationer. Jacob Gogerly, now or late of Aldersgate-street, money-scrivener. Edward Heal, Trowbridge, innkeeper. Henry Wilkinson, late of Billiter-lane, London, merchant. Thomas

Aris, upper Rathbone-place, St. Pancras, shopkeeper. Edward Pemberton and John Houlding, Liverpool, merchants. James Pride, Rome, Monmouthshire, timber-merchant. John Russell, now or late of Worcester, grocer. William Tidswell, Stockport, Cheshire, cotton-spinner. Elisha Farmer Sadler, Gloucester, mercer. James Sutherland, Bath, haberdasher. William Sutton, Sadlers' Hall court, London, merchant. William Shevill, late of Great Prescot-street, Goodman's Fields, merchant. John Sharland, late of Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, linen-draper. John Russell, Edward Russell, William Hartland, and Thomas Williams, Worcester, merchants. John Elderton, Great Carter-lane, London, oil colourman. Thomas Wilkinson, Grimescarfoot, in Fixby, Halifax, Yorkshire, merchant. John Rideing, Liverpool, Lancashire, merchant. John Falkner, Macclesfield, Cheshire, druggist and grocer. Thomas Platt, Diglee, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, merchant and cloth manufacturer. James Golding the elder, and James Golding the younger, Pudhill, Gloucestershire, clothiers. John Hostage, Oxford-street, Middlesex, haberdasher. Francis Marshall, Northumberland-street, Strand, jeweller. John Varley the younger, Shardlow, Derbyshire, corn-factor, William Dale, Petworth, Sussex, miller. Thomas Cartwright, Manchester, upholsterer. John Harrison, Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, earthenware manufacturer. Thomas Johnson, Kiddersminster, grocer. Daniel Hamaway, Brandon, Norfolk, merchant. James Chaddock and Randle Keay, Wigan, Lancashire, potters. William Doller, Winchester, innholder. Thomas Smith, Drury-lane, baker. George Wrigley, Matley, Cheshire, hatter. John Rideing, Liverpool, and William Lever, Manchester, merchants. Thomas Beesley, Burton, Yorkshire, potter Tho-

mas Landsdale, lower Brook-street, linen-draper. Thomas Powell, Warwick-street, Golden-square, tailor. Henry White, Back-road, Islington, stock-broker. Dean Wolstenholme the younger, Waltham-cross, Hertforshire, innholder. James Douglas, late of Cupers-bridge, Lambeth, clothier, Edward Gardner, Jews-row, Chelsea, cheesemonger. William Watson, Fenchurch-street, merchant. John Rapson, Plymouth-dock, shopkeeper. William Gilbert, Chiswell-street, grocer. Lewis Mozley, Liverpool, watch-maker. Benedict Paul Wagner, Great Winchester-street, merchant. John Lewis, Old Jewry, warehouseman. William Weston Young, Dillis Mill, Glamorgan, miller, Thomas Harrison the younger, Sanford Hill, Gloucester, timber merchant. James Yeomans, Tamworth, Stafford, clothier. William Hood Newton, Golden-lane, Barbican, liquor merchant. John Burton Timmings, Portsea, grocer. Robert Rutherford, Sunderland, mast and block maker. Joseph Moss Bloomfield, Mansel-street, Goodman's Fields, money-scrivener. David Seefeldt, Greek-street, Soho, tailor. John Harrison, Workington, Cumberland, sail maker. Edward Graydon, Sunderland, spirit-merchant. John Antill, Highgate, dealer in coals.

To Correspondents.

Fredericus's communication has come to hand.

Lines on Peace has also been received.

The Packet signed an *Hibernian*, contains a quantity of *Combustible Matter*, which it would be dangerous to insert in the Monthly Visitor.

Several favours have been received, but came too late for insertion; by the 15th of the Month, our arrangements are usually made, after which period no article can be admitted in the current number.